

JANUARY 1936

25 CENTS



The American
LEGION

MONTHLY

"GET A LIFT WITH A CAMEL"



"I AM A STEEL WORKER on the Triborough Bridge," says Ben Parsons (*above*). "When tired, I get a 'lift' with a Camel. Camels have all the full flavor anybody could want."

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REVENGE, *Not Too Sweet*

BY
C.W. HOLT

*Illustration by
Frank Street*

THIS story, comrades, is true, and I wish it were not. For in the seventeen years that have gone by since that which I am about to relate occurred, the memory of the event has bleached my hair, made my nights hideous with nightmares, and turned me into an old man long before my time.

It was on the 11th of July, 1918. I was a fahnenjunker in the German Army, and just over seventeen years old. Our division, which had lost more than half of its effectives in the fighting around Amiens earlier in the year, had been transferred about a month previously to the Vosges sector, south and southwest of Strassburg. In this district, a country of low, rolling hills covered with dense forests, the lines had not shifted since they had been established in the first few weeks of the war, in the summer of 1914. At that time the French Army had swept eastward in a brief offensive toward Mulhouse, but had at once been rolled back in the direction of Belfort, so that the country was all but unscarred, and even a few kilometers behind the front the war seemed very far away and almost unreal.

At dusk of the previous day our regiment, the 176th Regiment of Infantry, had been relieved in the line on the slope of Hartmannsweiler Kopf, and we had marched back to the village of Hildhausen, about twelve kilometers to the east, where we had arrived shortly after midnight and been billeted on the various farms comprising the village. It so happened that my company, the 5th, had been assigned quarters in the barns and haylofts belonging to the Royal Prussian Forest Service Station, located in this village, and our regimental staff had moved into the station's Administration Building.

In order to avoid the well-known morning rush on the pump, I had been the first man of my company to roll out, at about six o'clock. And a beautiful summer morning it was. It had rained a little during the night and now, touched by the rays of the rising sun, rain-drops sparkled on every leaf and every blade of grass like so many brilliants, and all nature seemed as fresh and lovely as on the first morning of creation.

I found a large-sized washtub, filled it at the pump and carried



Carefully I judged distance, trajectory, wind-age as I gripped the bucket firmly with both hands

it past the horse-stable into the orchard. Next I gathered an armful of wood-shavings and built a small fire around the tub. Then I went back to my billet and fetched—the soldier's dream—a clean shirt which I had lugged many a weary mile in my knapsack.

Returning to my tub, I found that the water had lost its chill and was beginning to turn lukewarm, and (Continued on page 53)

For God and country, we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred percent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness.—Preamble to the Constitution of The American Legion.

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A POST SHOT GUN—OR A RIFLE?

THE shot gun is a useful weapon if you are hunting rabbits or quail. But if you are doing big-time hunting—stalking moose or elephants—you use a rifle. Your post, as it starts 1936, ought to decide just what its targets will be, whether it wants to shoot impartially at every sort of activity in which it can engage—the shot gun plan—or whether it will single out a smaller list of the more-important activities and bring to bear upon them its big caliber energy. January is the month for planning. Draw up a list of worthwhile things your post can do for its town and to promote the Legion's general program. List them as objectives, month by month. You'll be surprised how many bull's eyes you'll make in the year ahead.

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OUR NEIGHBOR MOVES AWAY

BY
THOMAS J. MALONE

*Illustration by
Grattan Condon*

WHEN we put out the flag on a recent holiday, we had an acute reminder of loss. That rite was not quite the same as usual. Our flag is hung between trees in the front yard. It takes two persons to hang it, one on a ladder, the other holding the flag off the ground. On the recent occasion we learned that doing the thing fittingly called for three persons, not two; and the third was missing.

So regularly in the last nine years as to have become a custom, our neighbor across the street has stood on his terrace on holiday mornings and contributed to the raising of our flag. Memorial Day, Fourth of July, Armistice Day—the whole round of the year—he, looking on, has enriched the ceremony by choice and varied declamation. “Over the mountains, winding down, horse and foot into Frederick town”—“When Freedom, from her mountain height, unfurled her standard to the air”—“Of old sat Freedom on the heights, the thunders breaking at her feet—.” But this time we put up the flag alone. Our neighbor had moved away.

Yes, the Lucknows, man and wife, have gone. Their house stands vacant, awaiting a new occupant. It is for sale. They have gone to a lake place not so far away, but far enough to cease to be neighbors. Will they like it? They admit they don't know. The years are going by—how fast they go!—and they two seek a little slowing of pace, a little more of leisure, of that placidity of living which one associates with the country.

In wishing them God-speed we felt that to us their departure was a calamity. The loss of congenial and satisfying neighbors is no light one. The two families had got along—in patter about plantings and weather, in exchanges regarding nesting robins and thrashers and bluebirds, in illness, in borrowings and lendings in minor crises, in good will and unspoken friendliness, in the varied relations incident to neighboring. But, in addition to that loss, we were facing a momentous question whose like many another home addict has faced with similar foreboding. You and you, my home loving readers, have faced it or—wishing you no bad luck—will some time face it. The answer cannot but affect us willy-



We got along, in
patter about plant-
ings, in varied
neighborly relations

nilly, for good or ill, in the enjoyment of our home and the daily routine of living. The question is: Who is going to live in the house they have left?

We look forward with some misgiving and sinking of heart to the coming of that unknown neighbor-to-be. Our own place has vacant lots on each side and an open creek valley below. Who is to live in the house across the street is therefore of peculiar concern to us. As optimists, we hope for the (Continued on page 40)



SOUVENIR

PART ONE

ARCHAMBAULT MOISE, pastry baker in the village of Tisserand, stepped to the open door of his shop precisely at one o'clock on the morning of June 6, 1919, and sniffed the cool, lazy breeze that climbed the hills from the river. He was positive of the exact minute, for hadn't he just slammed the oven door on the night's baking of tarts? And doesn't any baker look squarely at the clock when he closes his oven, so that he may know at just what minute to open it again?

Sans contredit, it was one o'clock! Even Brigadier Tuffé, who could be more provoking than most gendarmes in the seasoned opinion of Monsieur Moise, even Tuffé must admit next morning that the baker was telling the truth.

Moise was a graying man of sixty, sparsely built when you considered his starched calling, with high cheekbones, quick eyes, and a small spade beard. He had wiped his forehead on his apron, taken out his pipe, and was about to fill it from his tobacco pocket when he heard the shout.

Well, perhaps not a shout. A scream. That was it, a woman's

scream. A short, high shriek. And then a slamming door and footsteps on the cobblestones, running in the direction opposite the lighted shop. Moise stopped filling his pipe, frugally replaced the tobacco in his pocket, and darted into the street.

The Rue de Petite Vitesse was fairly wide here, for it already was beginning at this point to fatten into the dignity of a public square. Opposite the shop, other houses remained dark, prudently shuttered against the dangers of the night air. In only one window a light burned. Moise could see it through the cracks of a half closed shutter, and realized that it was the apartment of that rich American officer, monsieur the Lieutenant Black. The baker left his open door and walked cautiously in his soft-soled slippers toward the light. It occurred to him now that monsieur the lieutenant had not stopped in the pastry shop this evening as was his habit.

Moise quickened his pace. Yes, that was strange. Always, between eleven o'clock and midnight, the pleasant Lieutenant Black would pause at the bakery door for a chat. It was lonely, he complained, being the only American in the village. But tonight he had not appeared. Yes, very strange.

Moise crossed the street, treading noiselessly. He realized



They found Captain Black, with blood on his hands, in the room with the dead man. The gendarme arrested him

HOUND

*By Karl
W. Detzer*

that he must be conspicuous in this white apron and cap to any spying eyes. Therefore, when he reached the west side of the highway, he slid into the shadow of a house, and in doing so, encountered the second event of the night which the gendarme would find it difficult to understand.

A man was standing there, concealed in the shadows, flat against the wall. As Moise approached, the fellow slid out of his concealment and ran. But in running, he tripped and fell. He sprawled out, full length, upon the stone pavement, grunted once, picked himself up immediately and again ran on, but his gait indicated to the baker that he had been hurt by the fall.

Yes, Moise was positive that this was a man, as convinced as he had been that the cry two minutes earlier came from a woman's throat. He paused, recovering from his surprise, and then his curiosity tugged him by the apron and he moved forward again.

Thus he came to the window in the quarters of the American lieutenant. The shutter was slightly ajar; it stood open scarcely the width of his hand, so that he could see only a fragment of the

bedroom of the officer. But what he then saw was quite enough.

A candle in a pewter stick on the bedside table guttered and flickered in the breeze from the window, filling the apartment with patches of blue shadow and flashes of yellow light. The bed, under the black crucifix on the opposite wall, was undisturbed. However, between the bed and the window a chair had been overturned, and stepped on probably, because one of its rungs was broken. And closer still, just within the window, a man lay motionless upon his back.

The baker could see only part of him, just the feet and legs; a pair of small neat black shoes, toes upward, brown trousers, slightly frayed at the bottoms and short enough to disclose gray home-knit stockings . . . that was all, except for the terrible immobility of those feet. They lay so motionless, so stiff, that something inside the baker's brain clicked suddenly. He knew, without reasoning it, that this man was dead.

Silently he stepped backward and peered through the darkness in the direction the running man had fled, which was the same course the woman's footsteps had taken a minute earlier. Then he pulled at his black beard and pondered what to do next.

Naturally, he must notify the police. And in Tisserand, the

*Illustrations by
Kenneth F. Camp*

law was represented bulkily, albeit with little majesty, in the sizeable person of Brigadier Tuffé. The brigadier was snoring in his quarters above the cold, stone-walled office of the police post when the baker's knuckles began a lively tattoo upon the door.

Tuffé awakened irritably and lay quite still, listening with growing impatience. At last, when he could stand the commotion no longer, he awakened his wife.

"Arise, and order the noise to cease," he commanded.

She got up obediently, and in bare, flat feet crossed the tiled floor to the window. She unlocked and opened it, and shouting through the shutter, demanded in the name of all the blessed saints to know what the commotion was about. Even with his head in the pillow, the brigadier could hear her voice, shrill with surprise, repeat a single word. That word was "murder."

So he got up himself, ordered her back to bed, scolding her into respectful silence when she persisted in asking questions. If affairs became important, women should know enough to step into the background. He dressed carefully and waddled beside Moïse to the Rue de Petite Vitesse.

Arriving there, they discovered Lieutenant Black in the middle of the room, with blood on his hands and the dead man at his feet. The gendarme promptly arrested him.

CORPORAL Francis X. Hannon, American Division of Criminal Investigation, drove rapidly into Tisserand from Laval at eight o'clock that same morning, in response to a telephone call from the brigadier. Hannon was a lank, loose-jointed soldier, with too close a haircut even for military expediency. His gray eyes betrayed scant curiosity in any surroundings, and his slightly knobby face wore a constant expression of unconcern. His voice was a mixture of Brooklyn, where he was born, and Idaho, where he enlisted; his French was bad but understandable; he considered a blackjack both unethical and unnecessary to a policeman with a pair of good hands, and the men in his own detachment found him a dangerous opponent in a game of poker.

At the gendarmerie he greeted the brigadier without enthusiasm and went out at once to the cell block in the garden where Lieutenant Black was confined.

Black was swearing in two languages, pacing angrily up and down the small open-faced cell. Hannon found him a personable enough young fellow, one of those ninety-day wonders who had been converted, by Act of Congress, from a schoolboy to an officer and a gentleman in three brief months. His whipcord uniform was tailored in the English manner, with a trifle too much peg to the breeches and too much flare to the skirt of the blouse; his cordovan puttees shone like a temporary general's stars; his spurs were slightly over regulation length, and his mustache . . . what there was of it . . . was a French barber's masterpiece. Altogether, Corporal Hannon observed, Lieutenant Black was not a bad sort; just too young for his rank.

He had come to Tisserand nine months ago, he said; representing the Division of Rents, Requisitions and Claims, in paying for billets and forage used when this was an American area.

"You get me out of here quick!" he demanded of the corporal immedi-

ately. "You see, I'm a friend of Congressman Johnson, and. . ."

"Yes, sir," Hannon agreed. "But the gendarme says you were leaning over the body, your hands full of blood."

"Of course I was. He was a friend of mine. I found him. Tried to help him. But he was dead."

The corporal asked politely, "Where did you spend the evening, sir?"

The lieutenant's eyes narrowed. He shook his head emphatically. "None of your damned business!"

"Afraid it is, sir. And I'm bound to find out."

The lieutenant grasped the bars. "You're bound to land in the brig," he bellowed, "if you start prying into the affairs of a commissioned officer!"

"O. K., sir." Hannon looked at him blandly. "Brig or no brig, I've got to investigate."

He left Lieutenant Black again swearing violently and returned to Tuffé, who sat now in his office, shouting at a young woman. As Hannon approached, he bade her wait on a straight, hard bench by the wall, and led the corporal to the street, where he sat down himself on the low curb and told his story. Hannon chewed gum and listened.

The dead man, so Tuffé explained, was the famous Monsieur Gregoire de Roche.

"Certainement, you know of him! He is the great artist, monsieur! Alors, he once painted a picture of the mill there . . . observe, beside the river . . . and when the poor miller saw the picture he burst into tears, his property had become so picturesque and disreputable on canvas!"

Hannon asked, "What about the murder?"

The brigadier began ponderously, repeating the story of the pastry baker. "So we rushed into the room," he concluded, "and there he lay, beaten and stabbed with his own knife. And standing over him, with the look of a murderer on his face and his hands full of blood, this American Lieutenant Black."

"But the baker didn't see Lieutenant Black when he first looked in?"

"No, not at first. But I saw him! That is enough!"

"I'd like to look over the room," Hannon said.

"You may, monsieur. It has been left untouched, except for the removal of the body. The room will speak loudly, monsieur. It will show how this poor artist fought for his life. All Frenchmen are great fighters, monsieur. *Magnifique!* One French citizen is as good as seven. . ."

"We'll leave that pass," Hannon interjected, chewing gum rapidly. "Lieutenant Black had blood on his hands . . . what else?"

"Enough, monsieur! He refuses to tell where he spent the evening, yet a woman was seen with him about nine o'clock, in his car. No, I have not discovered what woman. Her face was concealed. And the lieutenant and this poor artist were always together, the close friends. They ate the same food, enjoyed the same drinks, loved the same women. . ."

Hannon stopped chewing.

"Loved the same women, eh? You're sure of that?"



He could see only a fragment of the room, but what he saw was enough



Ordered by the brigadier to stand against the wall, she said pertly: "To be shot by the firing squad, monsieur?"

Tuffé nodded and spat soberly.

"I, too, always seek the woman in the case. For one, the wench who sits inside there. . . ."

"If I could look at the scene of the crime," Hannon repeated.

"Tout de suite," the brigadier answered, "but this woman first." He shouted: "Come here, you female fury!"

Hannon, observing the girl closely, decided that she was pretty, except for her pouting mouth. She was slim and delicate, as if other than peasant blood flowed in her veins; her complexion was darker than usual in these northern provinces; and furthermore, she did not cow when, brusquely, Tuffé ordered her to stand against the wall. Instead she asked pertly:

"To be shot by the firing squad, monsieur?"

Tuffé ignored her. He explained, "This, my corporal, is a woman sans reputation. She is the villainous Madame Perruche, who makes the clothes for our extravagant wives and spreads vile gossip from house to house."

The girl interrupted, speaking in French to Hannon, "Observe, monsieur, our brigadier has the soul of a maggot and the manners of a louse!"

Tuffé growled, "This woman has the decent husband, monsieur, but the poor man is an invalid, unable to work."

"A lazy swine!" the girl interrupted. "Jealous and suspicious."

Tuffé spoke louder. "Non, non, Monsieur Perruche is a most honorable man. But this female fiend has affairs with others. With this dead artist, for one."

"I must work!" she cried. "If the men of this town too stingy are to buy their wives new cloth, is it forbidden me to work as his model?"

"A model!" Tuffé exclaimed. "With legs like yours? Impossible! And she has been seen with this American lieutenant, at night, at his own door."

Hannon asked her, "Was it you that hollered last night?"

She evaded, nodding toward the (Continued on page 48)

WE WON'T HAVE

BY BERNARD
With a Foreword

IN 1919 you soldiers and sailors came home to discover that while you were fighting for \$1.10 a day, the workmen who supplied you with shells and shoes had received more than that much an hour, and the people who owned the shell and shoe factories were building new mansions from their profits. This was true despite the oft-overlooked fact that a more nearly equal distribution of burdens and rewards obtained during the World War than in any war the United States has ever fought, especially the Revolution, concerning which a curbstone opinion survives to the effect that practically every one was an unselfish patriot.

Yet you men were resentful and rightly so. In 1922 your American Legion at its National Convention suggested legislation calculated to provide in peacetime a plan for the mobilization in event of a national emergency of military manpower, material resources, capital and labor on a basis of equality. Your position was that every person, every dollar and every thing should participate in the defense of the nation share and share alike.

More than thirteen years have elapsed since you started the ball rolling but the legislation we seek is not yet on the books. Not that this time has been lost. On the whole, it has been profitably spent in a long series of official hearings, discussions, studies and investigations, the record of which is of great value. Were war to break upon us tomorrow, some man would be designated by the President to mobilize industry and put it to work supplying the fighting forces. That man could turn to the records of the W. I. B. and to the exploratory activity started in 1922, an important part of which was the Legion's work. From this he could piece together a plan of action. When Woodrow Wilson happened to select me for the job of mobilizing American industry for the World War, there was no record to turn to, no precedents to guide, no semblance of a previously thought out program. Everything had to be extemporized in a time of crisis. The result was demoralization in getting industry on a war basis and then after the war was over getting it off, the needless expenditure of billions of dollars and a great inequality in the distribution of burdens which bore hard upon many and made profiteers of others. Not until we were nearing the close of hostilities was the machine commencing to work towards its goal.

We learned that modern war is not the impact of a few men. The whole nation with its every resource must be thrown against the enemy. The welfare of the civilian population must be systematically provided for, as well as that of the soldiers. Let us not forget this lesson.

Wars are no longer dynastic. They are entirely economic in their origin. Such wars are never won. They are only and always lost both by the victor and vanquished alike. We can make a start toward preventing war; toward minimizing the loss of a war on the industrial front after the fighting is over on the military front. This can be done by, as far as possible, eliminating the profit that war brings and by paying as we fight, as far as may be, by increased taxes. But in eliminating profits, we must be careful not to eliminate our actual war defenses.

With the coming of peace, one of my principal aims in life was to see that our country should never be caught again as it was in 1917, devoid of a plan for industrial preparedness without which all the military preparedness plans in the world are not worth the paper they are written on. The realization of this goal is still one of my principal aims in life, which is my excuse for accepting the courteous invitation of your editor to address you. Year after year I have offered my views at the public hearings brought about through the zeal of your national officers. Year after year I have spent weeks and months in private consultation and study seeking the best legislation to bring about the end we all desire.

IN HIS memoirs Field Marshal Von Hindenburg said of the participation of American industry in the World War:

"Her brilliant, if pitiless, war industry had entered the service of patriotism and had not failed it. Under the compulsion of military necessity a ruthless autocracy was at work and rightly, even in this land at the portals of which the Statue of Liberty flashes its blinding light across the seas. They understood war."

Georges Clemenceau, wartime Premier of France, said in 1922:

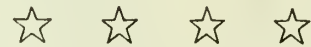
"The United States declared war in April, 1917. It was only in March, 1918, that their industrial mobilization found its final form. Even in the land of quick decisions, the routine of peace days struggled hard to live. But the High Command of Industry was created. It was a splendid company of men who at the call of their country had come from all parts of the United States. It had no Congressional birth certificate; a mere decision of the President, and in a few weeks resources were perfectly adapted to needs, the whole co-ordinated by the War Industries Board, which was supreme in all matters of production, priority and distribution. . . . The steel they sent us represented the raw material for a hundred and sixty million '75' shells. The foodstuffs they sent us fed twelve million Frenchmen for a year and a half. If this help had not been forthcoming, our army could not have held, the army of the United States could not have fought."

Winston Churchill, Minister of Munitions in the British Cabinet, said:

"No British Minister had, I believe, a greater volume of intricate daily business to conduct with United States representatives than I had during 1918. It is my duty to record that no Ally could have been given more resolute understanding and broad-minded co-operation than the Ministry of Munitions received from the War Industries Board of the United States. . . . It was not until after the war that I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Baruch, the Chairman, but almost daily telegrams soon put us on excellent terms. I could feel at the other end of the cable a strong, clear mind making quick decisions and standing by them."

To the statements of these well-informed men, I wish to add a word of my own.

Until the spring of 1918, the flow of troops and of supplies to France was not encouraging. There was evidence of a lack of



That we have not entirely succeeded dismays but does not dishearten me. I hope that it does not dishearten you Legionnaires. I say this because last year there were some lively sessions of the Congressional committee considering these matters during which I missed the old-time vigor of the spokesmen for the Legion who on previous occasions had done so much to keep discussion of this broad subject within the limits of that which is practicable and workable. I repeat that the mere building up of a record, the piling of fact upon fact is useful. But we should have more than that, more than a mere inert body of discussion from which harassed and busy men may be expected to formulate a scheme of action after war is upon us. We should and will

TO FIGHT IF --

M. BARUCH

by John J. Pershing

authority and of proper organization at home with the attendant results of confusion and unsatisfactory progress. Then came the announcement of the appointment of Bernard M. Baruch as Chairman of the War Industries Board with greatly increased powers. That was the creation of the "High Command of Industry" to which M. Clemenceau refers.

Almost at once we in France sensed a change in the situation. Acting under direct authority of the President, Mr. Baruch and his associates took command of the intricate and complicated industrial machinery and resources of the United States. They stimulated the production of war materials and limited that of non-essentials. They controlled and harmonized outputs and determined priorities, according to the ever-changing needs of the military forces. They made allotments to the different departments of the Government and to our Allies.

After my return from France, I had an opportunity to study more carefully this remarkable record of achievement. Considering the obstacles that confronted them, I marvel at the success attained by Mr. Baruch and his colleagues. They were reconnoitering an unknown country. No precedent in American industry or in governmental authority existed to guide them. At a time of crisis they had to create and to operate an organization simultaneously.

On many occasions I have talked with Mr. Baruch about the problems of industrial preparedness. I agree with him that in time of peace we should formulate a definite and detailed plan for such mobilization and by periodical revision keep that plan up to date. I agree with him that profits to individuals should be cut as low as they can be cut without interfering with the flow of supplies in wartime. No one should be permitted to enrich himself by taking advantage of the necessities of the Government in wartime. But, it must be remembered that industry cannot operate without profit and that munitions must be provided regardless of cost.

For seventeen years Mr. Baruch has labored continuously to give the country he served the benefit of his great experience in 1917 and 1918. Here he sets forth his ideas on industrial mobilization and his reasons supporting them. They have my hearty approval and deserve the thoughtful consideration of every citizen.

John J. Pershing

have a law embodying that plan and arming the President with specific authority for its execution the instant war is declared. Such a law will not cost a cent and will be more of a protection to this country than a standing army of a million men; and I mean that literally. We can have this law before the imminent session of Congress arises from its deliberations if The American Legion, with its great influence in public affairs, will make the issue a prime order of its business.

There is reason, and a degree of excuse, for past delay. When the subject was first broached the nation and the world were war-weary. It fled from the contemplation of any subject that had to do with preparedness, seeking security in arms limitation

**Bernard M. Baruch,
Chairman of the War
Industries Board**



agreements and the League of Nations. Before the futility of such designs became apparent, a tremendous inflation of credit, in reality a direct development of wartime inflation, brought about a fool's paradise of fictitious prosperity, a prosperity as unsound and unreal as the prosperity of wartime induced by wartime wages and values. This collapsed in 1929 and then followed the lean years of readjustment, culminating in the strenuous measures inaugurated by Mr. Roosevelt in 1933. These preoccupations made actual legislation difficult, but fortunately the time was used in study.

The apparent isolation of the United States has always caused us to lag behind the rest of the world in the matter of national defense, and once every generation, regularly, we have paid a frightful price for this neglect. Italy's African adventure, which may set the world on fire, should be the final warning. A state of armed neutrality can preserve its neutral character much easier than unarmed neutrality can. Who can believe that had we been ready to fight in 1917 we should have been subjected to the German insolence that made us fight, ready or no?

What was true in 1917 is true now. With a law that would put in automatic operation a mobilization of our vast industrial fighting power, what nation would dare attack us? By enacting such a law we shall have written for ourselves the best national peace insurance policy that any country ever had.

At no moment since 1914 has America stood in greater need of such preparedness. The man who considers and considers but never acts is just as badly off as the man who dashes at things without forethought. This plan for an equality of service and a united effort in wartime has been considered for fourteen years. That is long enough. We know what we want in the way of a law. Now let's get it.

But let us get the right thing. Let us get the legislation our experience in war and our fourteen years of reflection upon and study of that experience tells us is what we require. It is very important that you men of the Legion and your officers and leaders should examine with care the legislation proposed by the Congressional committee which considered this subject last year. As first shaped up, largely by gentlemen without adequate experience in the study of this great subject, the legislation proposed last year was most faulty. It would have left us in a greater state of unpreparedness than ever. Some salutary changes have been made in those first proposals, but as the subject now stands before the Senate Military Affairs Committee further changes are necessary if we are to get what we need. I ask you men who wore the uniform in 1917 and 1918 to do your utmost to see that these changes shall be made in the light of experience, rather than the uncertain lamp of prophecy and theory.

It has been said that all I propose to do (Continued on page 62)



The REAL

By Irving Bacheller

MERRY CHRISTMAS! They are wonderful words. Why do we smile when we say them! Why do we get together and forget our grudges and express our good will in gifts? Why do we eat and drink and sing and put away our troubles? The happy voices of the children, their merry laughter and all their sweet illusions fill us with joy. While I listen I think of their mothers and of generations innumerable of other mothers. We do a lot of eating and drinking at Christmas time.

Now while this day of happiness is drawing near let us do a little thinking—not enough to weary our intellects, but enough, I hope, to throw a new ray into the darkness of the night we are to celebrate.

Let us go back into the unhappy world of long ago with the candle of proved history in our hands. We shall see that the great Son of Mary was to be the first friend that women had ever known. So let us remember this. On Christmas day we celebrate the birth of the first real Gentleman.

God bless you ladies! Sit down with me in the chimney corner and I will tell you the greatest of all Christmas stories. At least I have never heard the like of it. The story begins in the Garden of Eden. In its plan we find the Power that shaped the earth and peopled it and hung the lanterns of the sky. It seemed to be in love with justice as it slowly built up the mind of man. To that Power time would appear to be a detail not highly important. We grow heartsick and discouraged. Suddenly some mighty thing happens. It's a right about face for the whole great caravan.

Rather unpleasant things are being said about you fashionable folk. Some even say that Christianity has become a joke to some of you. If it were true Christ himself would be very good natured about it. I think that He would smile and say: "You are young and wisdom is not in the young."

I know you fairly well and there are things that I want to say before I begin my story.

"Women are a queer lot," said a man I knew whose wife had run away with a handsomer consort.

Nobody blamed her. A neighbor said: "I wonder that she didn't run when she first looked at him."

There's one thing in the blood of women. They must have a hero—someone they can look up to. They love to adore. A young woman must be able to imagine that her husband is a human being superior even to herself. Perhaps the husbands of fashionable run-away women are not to be blamed quite as much as they. My observation would incline me to think it.

I remember in my youth hearing a wise woman say to a young man who was soon to be married: "If you want her to be right you must be right yourself. If you can keep her respect it will fashion her whole life. She will try to keep up with you. The great desire of women is to keep up. They hate to fall behind. Beware of the kind of company you put her in. If you ever made a misstep don't let her know it. If you make one while you are married she will be apt to know it. There is only one way of keeping it from her and that may fail. Keep your feet in the right path ever after."

No doubt she was thinking of the shrewd intuitions of women. They are not easily fooled.

However it may have come about, the prophets of our time are deeply concerned by the conditions that prevail in the fashionable life of our great cities because it sets a pace for women. Even the daughters of the poor are bound to try to keep up with it. Their efforts are silly but that does not matter. They are obeying an impulse common to women and immensely strong.

In connection with my researches I have found surprising light on the story of woman. It is the most remarkable story in all the records of human life.

In the beginning she got rather rough treatment in the Garden of Eden. I would not disturb anyone's faith in the story but I want to place Adam where he belongs. His behavior has never had my approval. Of course the historian could not have been on the ground. He had to depend upon hearsay and some of that may have been prejudiced. He gave Eve a reputation which has followed her through the ages with a club in its hand. On Adam's evidence given to the Creator and Judge of the world she practically ruined the human race. She became the goat of the whole proceeding.

Of course Adam was just loafing around and sizing up the situation. The problem of food arose and naturally the woman got busy. Something had to be done about it. The only neighbor who could talk was a serpent. In talking with him she got her gift for conversation. She didn't know as much about neighbors then as she does now and naturally she took his word. She wanted to please her husband.

The woman was more likely to be prudent and conservative than the man. It would be like him to say: "Let's take a chance." That is what he has always done but let that pass. I am not trying to discredit the story but only to put a just appraisal on Adam's conduct. His act was cowardly and ungrateful and as an ancestor I have no pride in him. He put it all on Eve. The Lord seems to have been so angry that he cursed everything in sight, the woman, the man, the serpent and the ground.

Eve had done it. She was the cause of all this and for ages without number her daughters have suffered for it. The curse seems to me—a remote observer—the best thing that could have happened to man. It was good for him to have something to do that involved a degree of perspiration. Every lazy lout who came home weary from his day's work was apt to hit his wife with a whip because he blamed her for the curse of toil that had fallen upon him. Could there be any doubt that he was pleasing the Lord when he struck her and put her to heavy tasks?

The sons of Adam had his characteristics. Woman was a mere camp follower, an overburdened slave as familiar with a lash as the donkey.

She was an inferior being, fashioned out of a man's rib, with a criminal taint in her blood. If she had beauty she might be one of the wives of the chief of the tribe. If she had wit also, she might be a concubine or even one of the hundred gay wives of the king.



Mother's Day



The first Christmas gifts

Illustrations by William Heaslip



His words were characteristic and unanswerable when He said to the stern faced Pharisees who wanted to stone the woman to death, "Let him who is without sin cast the first stone." That dejected woman who was bathing His weary feet with her tears at the house of the widow of Nain represented all the downtrodden daughters of Eve. Simon wanted to put her out.

What a rebuke to the injustice of the past when He said: "I have some things to say to you, Simon!" Then came gentle but immortal words for unfortunate women! It was a new idea. For it, and others like it He, too, was to die. He knew that His doom was not far ahead but that did not worry Him or abate His zeal.

Now whether we think Him man or God we cannot escape the conclusion that He was the great friend and Champion of womanhood, for the followers of Mahomet retain the ancient grudge and mistrust. Among them a woman's face may be seen only by her own family.

Women were crossing the Red Sea which the great Prophet had opened for them and were coming out of bondage. St. Paul had many women friends who were among his best helpers—Damaris of Athens, Chloe of Corinth, Mary, Tryphena, Persis and Tryphosa of Rome and Appia of Colossae. In 291 a law made it possible for one to adopt a female child if he wished to do it. Women could even indulge in a degree of dalliance without being drowned like a cat. The church had become a refuge for widows and other unfortunate women. It gave them help and protection.

St. Jerome had a deep interest in the welfare of the opposite sex. In 384 he was giving them advice like this:

"Let long haired youths, dandified and wanton, never be seen under your roof."

"Do not appear in public preceded by a host of eunuchs." No widow could have male servants save they were eunuchs.

"Repel a singer as you would a bane."

"Use no endearing words (Continued on page 46)

That would have been an enviable distinction in that day and age. Men had no chance to do any thinking. The state told them what they had to believe.

If a man ventured to express a new thought, as the prophets were wont to do, he lost his head. There were men—perhaps many men—who felt sorry for woman but they could do little to help them.

Of old, women did not choose. They were chosen—like cattle. She was nothing but an animated rib bone. A husband could be granted a divorce, but a wife could not.

A woman suspected of adultery had to swallow water, embittered by the sweepings of the temple, which contained all kinds of filth. If she took a fever she was guilty.

Such seems to have been her fate or rather her penalty until Jesus Christ began to debunk the past and to treat women with gentle consideration. He had a great Mother and certain women became his friends. I am inclined to think, with all due respect to men like Cicero, Aristotle, and Plato, He was the first real Gentleman.



THEIR BIG

\$100 Prize

"THAT A MAN LAY DOWN HIS LIFE FOR HIS FRIEND"

I HAD trained Company F, knew each man personally. As battalion commander in the Argonne Drive we had topped Barricourt Heights. Daylight found us with orders to advance behind a barrage, but at zero hour the barrage was only a few sputtering shells. As we broke from the woods the intrenched enemy opened a withering fire that checked our advance. Orders from the general, "Advance at any cost." No artillery, two machine guns, no cover when once out of the woods. I looked over my thousand men. How to advance? Only by flank movement that would expose a company to concentrated enemy fire. A terrible task to name the company. What company? The men who had never failed me in drill, discipline or battle, ordered to almost certain death? I hesitated. My moment came. "Advance at any cost. Company F, move 300 yards to right flank, combat formation, and advance at double time on flank of enemy." As they broke from the woods machine guns, trench mortars and guns opened on them. From out their ranks came two men in a trot toward the German line, as the company moved to the right. As they moved along every German opened up. The two boys crumpled to the earth. They had given their lives by drawing the machine gun fire that their comrades might live and win. The German position was carried. Tailly was captured and the enemy in retreat. A few days and the Armistice was signed.—J. L. PEATROSS, *St. James, Missouri.*

\$50 Prize

THE YANKEE "SPY"

JULY 3, 1915, I sat before Sir Basil Thomson, deputy commissioner of police for London, in Scotland Upper Yard, undergoing examination on suspicion of espionage.

I, an accredited American newspaperman, had been apprehended and held in Folkestone, thence brought to the Yard. Perhaps the main suspicion rested on possession of a list of field officers of the Irish Brigade.

"How then, Bidwell, did you get this list?" asked Sir Basil.

"From the British Army Register, sir."

"The British Army Register?"

"Yes, sir."

Sir Basil, bulky, impressive heavyweight, heavy jowled, grim, turned to a massive bookcase, pulled out a volume, ran his eyes along an index, turned to a page, scowled, and scanned me for a full minute.

"It is not here," he said, finally.

"Not there, sir?"

"No!"

HEREWITH the third series of Big Moment stories, announcement of which has been carried in each issue of the Monthly since September. Another instalment will

The desk, the room, the Yard, all Westminster seemed to reel. I had copied the list from the Register.

"May I see the book, sir?"

"Take it."

I studied the index, turned to the proper pages and, bewildered, found that he was right. Then, accidentally, I turned to the title page—to see that it was the March issue.

"Have you the book for April, sir?"

"Yes."

"Will you let me consult it?"

The book came, from another shelf. In it I found the list. I was sustained and vindicated. The other pieces of evidence were explained and I was free of any danger of the fate of Carl Lody in the Tower of London. But those two minutes took two years from my life.—DANIEL D. BIDWELL, *East Hartford, Conn.*



\$50 Prize

A PRINCESS INDEED!

CHRISTMAS, 1918, found Regimental Headquarters, Fifth Marines, located at Schloss Monrepos, Germany, a castle, hunting lodge, stables and homes of the caretakers, belonging to a prince who was still with their army. The buildings located at

The AMERICAN LEGION Monthly

MOMENTS

appear in the February issue. Rules governing the contest, in which five hundred dollars a month is awarded, are given at the conclusion of this month's stories

the edge of a forest overlooked a valley and when covered with snow presented a picture that made me think of a beautiful Christmas card.

Two old ladies made their home in the castle, one of whom was the princess. And so we came to this Christmas following the Armistice, as members of an Army of Occupation. Being a little homesick, maybe, my spirits rose with about six months' mail and a package. The surprise of the day came when we marched into a large hall in the hunting lodge. Hobnails scraped and dented highly polished floors and here we had our Christmas dinner with beer, wine and sauerkraut, among other things, from the princess. Then, accompanied by the other little old lady, the princess was pushed around in a wheel chair, greeting us individually with a "Merry Christmas." Then while we bowed our heads she said a prayer for "the happiness and safe-keeping

enemy to make that Christmas a lasting memory.—CHARLES H. KRFTSCHMAR, *Ocean City, New Jersey.*

\$25 Prize A GHASTLY REUNION

IT WAS a wet, misty night. We picked our way along the road, which ran parallel to the railroad tracks. There were four of us in the car, returning from a banquet in a nearby town. One of us, Bert, had been a captain in the United States Infantry in France, leading a Negro company. Dimly, off at our left, we could see the red and green switch lights on the tracks; there were ten tracks at that point and soon we would cross them. But we didn't cross them until hours later.

A black, yet faintly lighted train shrieked a warning off there and ground to a sudden stop. We hardly had time to speculate on the cause when the second section of the 20th Century came hurtling out of the mist, on the same track. There was a terrifying crash—screams, the sound of rending metal, an unearthly screech of escaping steam. Two sections of the Century had crashed.

With a flashlight from the car, we ran across the lots into the most horrible scene I can remember. Bert, with the light, found the first body. It was a Negro Pullman porter, his body grotesquely twisted, a look of pain on his dead face. "My God!" Bert screamed, above the din. "It's Sam Robbins!"

"Who is he?" I yelled back, sick at the sight.

"He was my orderly in France," he answered brokenly. "I haven't seen him since the day we were mustered out!" — GEORGE E. CLAPP, *New London, Connecticut.*

\$25 Prize NOW HE WAS READY

FOR eighteen months I had striven to secure disability benefits for John Loill, Veterans Administration Facility, Bath, New York, without success, when one day late in 1931 I was informed that he was dying. Visiting him, I found him very much concerned over the fact that he was leaving his wife and children unprovided for, so as a last resort I wired Buffalo Regional Office telling them of Loill's critical condition and requested the manager to phone the Chief Medical Officer for verification,

and if an award was at all possible, it be expedited and check for back pay be released promptly lest it come too late.

Needless to say, the Manager of the Regional Office 'phoned and wired in all directions, assembling the data and clinical records necessary to adjudicate the claim. Forty-eight hours after my first wire, I was advised by phone that an award had been approved.



"My God!" Bert screamed above the din.
"It's Sam Robbins!"

of our loved ones at home." Knowing she, too, had lost members of her family, I could not doubt the honesty and sincerity in that moment of prayer. Furthermore, this beautiful hunting lodge was to remain open as warmer quarters for us. A tribute from the



The two men sacrificed their lives by drawing the machine gun fire upon themselves, allowing their comrades to go on and win

In the meantime I kept renewing the faith of the dying man that he would win. Thus he lived until the check arrived the next day and with what appeared to be his last ounce of strength, endorsed it over to his wife, remarking in all sincerity that he was now ready to meet his Maker. Three hours later he passed to his reward.

This heroic example of a comrade holding off death until he could provide his family with the wherewithal of life constitutes the greatest moment I have ever known.—MARCI'S LIPSHUTZ, *Bath, New York.*

\$25 Prize
TO A THOROUGHbred!

THANKSGIVING Night, 1918, in the chapel ward in "Annex École-Supérieure," Blois, France.

The patients were served their big dinner at noon—the personnel having theirs in the evening. The nurses were allowed to wear their white uniforms on this occasion. I shall never forget the yell that went up as I entered the ward. After exchanging greetings, the ward was called to order by J. A. Radney, the ward master. He expressed a few words of gratitude on behalf of the patients and presented me with a silver pearl-handled letter-opener.

I was utterly surprised because I knew most of these patients had not seen a payroll in months.

Before I could master my emotion sufficiently to speak, a patient, Robert E. Lee of Boston, Massachusetts, took command, saying, "Miss Tarte, President Wilson, General Pershing nor anyone else in high position know that you are in the Army, but we men of the A. E. F. who have been fortunate enough to be under your care know what you have done, know your influence. Not having a medal to present to you, I am asking permission to pin this little service-bar on that white uniform you wear on this Thanksgiving Night."

Having had two flattering surprises in one brief moment, I could not say one word, not even "Thank you, boys!"

I still have those two treasured gifts—the memories I have of that Big Moment will linger until my dying day. They brighten each Thanksgiving as I recall the name, the bed, the smile of each of those twenty-nine fellows.

I still hear from some of them. I still thank God for the privilege of having shared your life while with the A. E. F.

The only reward I want is to hear "Well done!" I have heard that and I thank you, boys!—MISS MYRTIS TARTE, *Hines, Illinois.*

\$25 Prize
"HOW SWEET LIFE REALLY IS"

I HAD four small children, one a tiny baby of two months, and a sick husband suffering from a disease contracted in service on the Border, and gradually becoming weaker. It was March 18, 1925. I had taken the baby from the bed in the adjoining room and sat nursing him beside my husband's sickbed. We were talking over our plans, our other children were gathered around the bed. A storm was coming up. We could hear a roar of wind unlike anything we had heard before. I placed the baby on the bed and started to put my small daughter in her crib. Suddenly everything turned dark—something struck me on the head and I felt myself going down, down, down.

In all the confusion my one fear was for the safety of my family. Such terrible screams rent the air, mingled with the awful thud of falling timbers of a factory nearby—then rain and hail added to our distress. At last the light came, and I saw those frightened little faces peering from under the debris piled about them like the handiwork of God, for they were safe—all of them but the baby.

"My God, where is my baby?" I began to scream. My husband, kneeling beside the shattered bed, answered that he had him wrapped in a quilt. I was trapped under timbers, unable to move until help arrived. Home, furniture, clothing—all was gone, but we were safe and able to realize how sweet life really is.—MRS. FRANCIS F. THOMPSON, *Princeton, Indiana.*

\$10 Prize
THEY HAD THE RIGHT STUFF

I CAME west with a strong body, ordinary intelligence and more than average ambition to make a place for myself. I had succeeded and had thrilled at one fine success after another. A considerable fortune and a business with a splendid income were mine. I was a man of influence in my city and State.

I had married late and reared a family of three children, two daughters and a son. From the first they were accustomed to ease, luxury and easy money from dad and seemed content to let me work hard to keep our business and income flowing, while they enjoyed the fruits of the labor. Neither they nor I believed the testing time would ever come for them. It came swiftly, however.

The depression and new methods in industry both hit my business at once. My income dwindled until I could keep my family going only by borrowing. I concealed the conditions until I knew the day of reckoning had come. I feared the family reaction to the bad news.

But facing what I believed was the loss of both my business and my family I experienced my big moment. My wife proposed selling our luxurious home to save the business and me. My son quit college to help me straighten out my tangled business. Both daughters took salaried positions and are more than self supporting. My son's progressive ideas are already bringing the old business out of the slump to safety.

Success never gave me as great a thrill as came to me when apparent failure proved the real mettle and loyalty of my family.

[Editor's Note—For obvious reasons, this prize winner wishes his name and address withheld.]

\$10 Prize
IN THE NICK OF TIME

OUR home was at the base of a tall cliff. I was getting breakfast on the table in the kitchen, my husband was sitting



"It is not here," said the Scotland Yard official as he laid down the volume

JANUARY, 1936

just inside the dining room door, and our little girl was at the sink. Some sort of noise warned me, for I fairly screamed, "The mountain is falling!" My husband and child, not realizing the danger, hesitated to run out of the house, for they were not fully clothed. I grabbed the child by the arm and pushed my husband along ahead of me. We had hardly cleared the living room door when the crash came. A boulder weighing five or six tons crashed through the kitchen and came to rest on top of the chair my husband had just vacated, smashing the chair to splinters and pinning his sweater under the rock.

Our big moment came when we went back into the wrecked house and realized that if it had happened at any other time one or more of us would surely have been killed. Another boulder had come through the bed room and lay on our bed. This would surely have killed us had we been in it. Had it happened just a few minutes later, our child would have been home alone, as we go to work and leave her to get ready for school. As it was we lost only the two rugs, which were torn beyond use, our bed and the chair upon which my husband had been sitting.—MRS. MARY S. ANDERSON, Clifton, Arizona.

\$10 Prize
IDEALS OF THE LEGION

"IT IS a great honor for me to present you with The American Legion School Award . . ." With these words I was presented with the beautiful medal and pin given by our local post to the ideal boy and girl. Let me assure you no soldier felt more honored than I.

True, I may not have been the "ideal" scholar the Legion was looking for, but apparently I came nearer to their ideals than any other boy in my group, so it had to be I. It was not this that made me happy, though. It was the thought that I had worked for it to the best of my ability.

Today the medal and pin are things I shall love and cherish forever. I can never part with them. They shall always be where I can see them, for it is a big moment for me just to gaze at them.

I still strive to live up to the ideals specified on the medal and pin of the Legion—courage, honor, service, leadership, scholarship. I seem to be failing though, for fate is unkind to me. But as to the other side of the medal, that I shall be—Semper Fidelis, to the Legion.—FRANK A. CANONICO, Pittston, Pennsylvania.

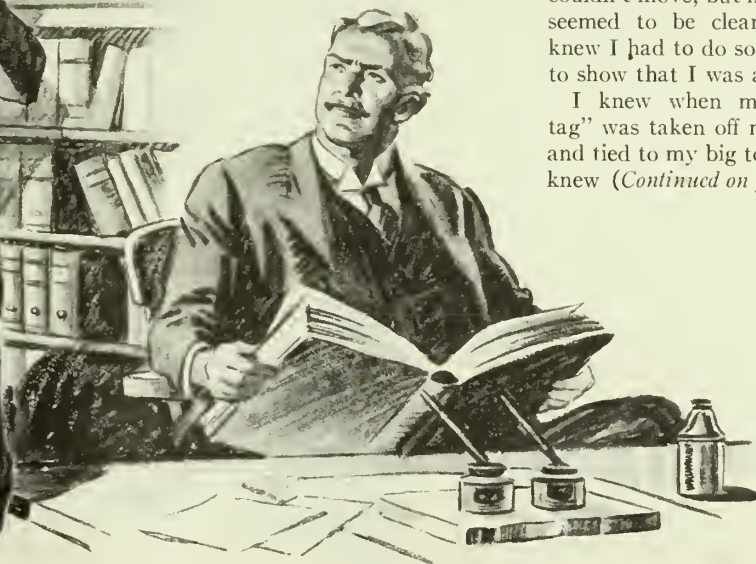
\$10 Prize
ALIVE, BUT HOW TO PROVE IT!

THE "flu" was running full blast at Great Lakes Naval Station in 1918. The hospital was full and running over.

When my big moment came, I was one of the sick and pretty low, too. One morning I heard a doctor pronounce me dead. Oh boy, what a shock! Me dead? I knew I wasn't, but I couldn't

prove it. I couldn't speak, couldn't move, but my mind seemed to be clear and I knew I had to do something to show that I was alive.

I knew when my "dog tag" was taken off my neck and tied to my big toe and I knew (Continued on page 42)



COAL-LIMESTONE-COMMON SALT-WATER

EQUALS RUBBER

By
A.L. Freedlander

Vice-President, Dayton Rubber Manufacturing Company

MOST Americans who understand just what was done to us get hot under the collar whenever they think of the Stevenson Act which restricted rubber shipments to the world back in 1925 and raised the price of crude rubber beyond all reason. Because the United States owns most of the automobiles in the world, and is in most other respects the largest consumer of rubber, the Stevenson Act was a nice, respectable method of putting the rubber planters' hands in every American family's pocketbook. That it broke down under its own weight and its conflict with basic economic laws is beside the point. It was tried once, cost our countrymen many millions of dollars, and—human nature being what it is—might very well be tried sometime again.

Aside from the economic weaknesses disclosed by that plan, there has meanwhile come into existence one conclusive reason why the price of crude rubber can never again soar to the heights that it reached in 1925. In the intervening years, American chemists and technologists have developed a synthetic rubber. It is not an imitation or a substitute, such as the poor stuff upon which the Germans had to fall back when the Allied blockade shut off their supply of rubber. This American product *is* rubber, for all practical purposes. A skilled rubber chemist can detect in it slight chemical differences. Anybody with a keen nose can distinguish it from natural rubber, for while its odor is rubbery, a slight difference exists. When a rubber factory starts through its processes a thousand pounds of this synthetic rubber in place of an equal weight of natural rubber, slight changes in the set of the machines may be required—so slight that in the factory for which I am responsible, we consider such a shift-over all in the day's work. But the result is exactly as good as natural rubber for practically every purpose, and for some jobs the synthetic rubber is far better than the natural product.

What is this new material made of, and how is it put together? Its raw materials are obtained from coal, limestone, salt, and water. It is

made by a highly complex chemical process which is still in the experimental and development stage, to the extent that the manufacturers have not yet satisfied themselves that they know the best and cheapest way to produce it. At the same time, they are turning it out in large enough volume so that, for instance, in our business we regularly count on a supply of it to produce certain of our products in which it is required.

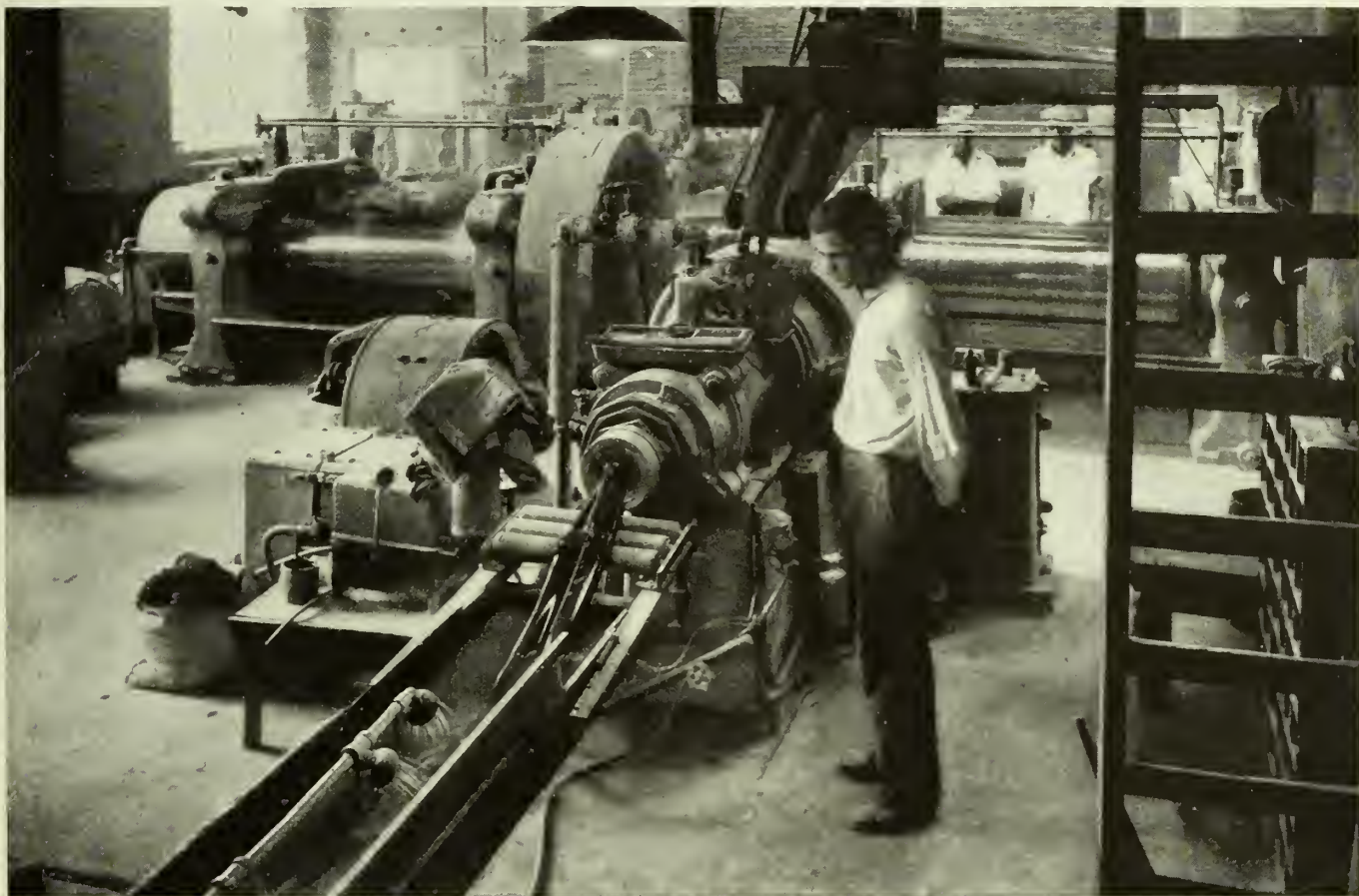
Rubber users of the United States can never again be gouged by foreign producers above whatever price this synthetic rubber can be sold for. A comparable instance comes to mind in connection with camphor. Camphor is chiefly obtained in natural form from the island of Formosa. A strict control was held upon camphor shipments from Formosa, insuring the shippers against a low price—in fact, assuring that consumers everywhere would pay a high price. This high price stimulated research. Chemists produced a camphor from commonly available materials every



whit as good as the gum from the camphor trees of Formosa. Soon they learned to make this synthetic camphor at a low price. From that time on, the price at which synthetic camphor can be sold has controled the price that the Formosans can get for their natural product. And the men who control the natural camphor supply are no longer in the saddle.

We may look for exactly the same progress in rubber. At the present this synthetic rubber is being produced at a rate which is only a small fraction of our annual consumption of rubber. It sells for \$1.05 a pound, as against today's market price of around

equator; in general, the closer to the equator, the better the rubber. Millions of people in the tropics are today supported by work on the rubber plantations. If ever the selling price of synthetic rubber can be lowered to where it actually competes with low-cost production of natural rubber—mind you, I am not saying that it can be so lowered, but it is certainly an eventual possibility—it would mean an economic upheaval affecting the major industry of Malaysia, the East Indies, Liberia, part of interior Africa, part of interior South America, many other equatorial regions. Just what such an economic revolution might



Forming synthetic rubber sleeves, over a natural rubber base, for printers' rollers. The compounded product, while at present much more expensive than the variety that grows on trees along the equator, has properties that insure it a place in industry, and its future offers immense possibilities. At left, milling a batch of synthetic rubber

thirteen cents for natural rubber. But the makers of the synthetic product have building and on paper additional plant capacity several times greater than their present capacity. We, in our business, sincerely hope that they get these new plants into full production soon, since our factory urgently needs a great deal more of synthetic rubber each month than we are now able to get. Unquestionably these new plants will reduce manufacturing costs and eventually the price (it is probable that the actual manufacturing cost was several times the selling price in the first years of this product's development).

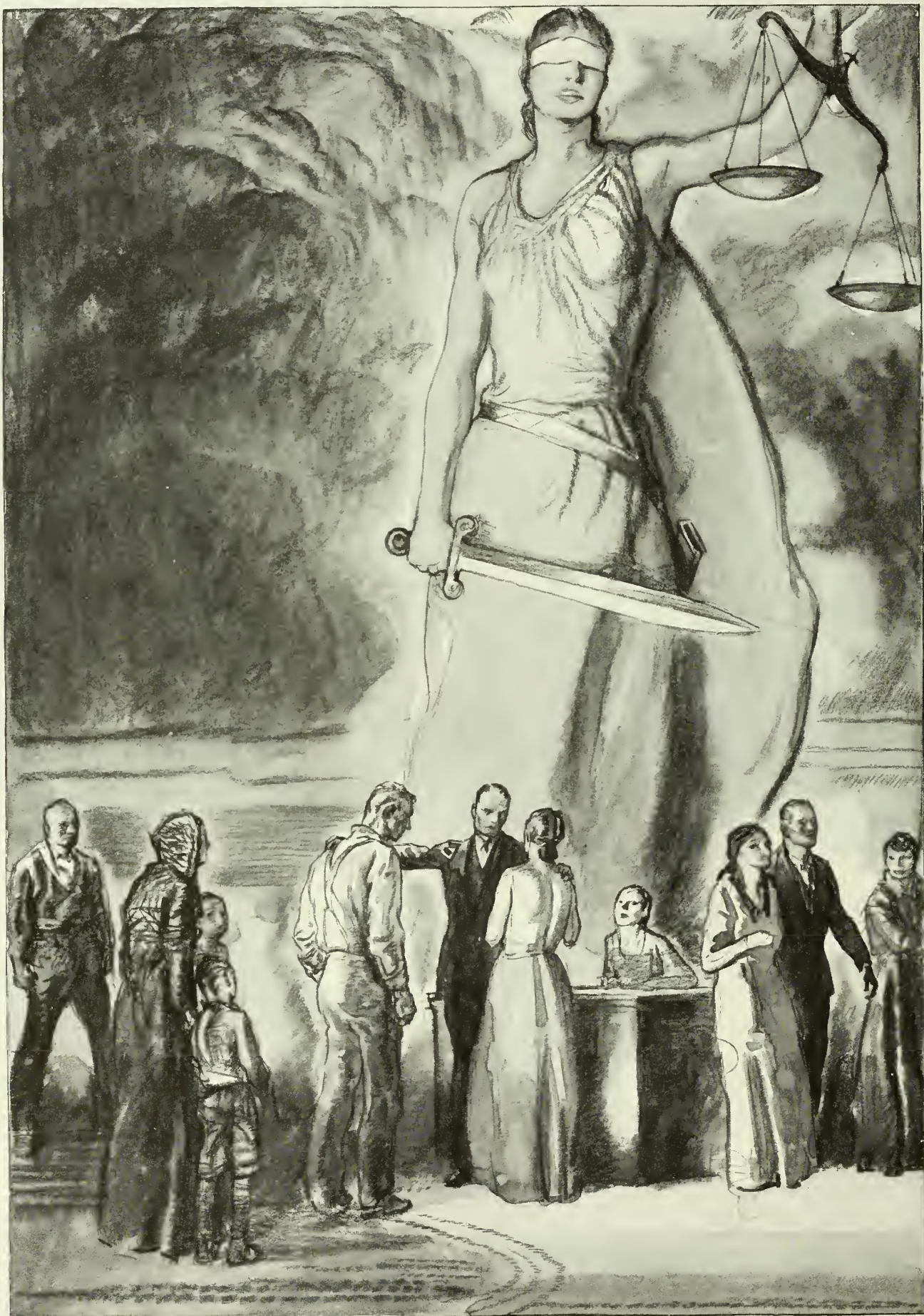
Each time that the makers reduce their own costs, the possible price realizable by producers of natural rubber is thereby put at the self-same level. The makers, conservative scientists that they are, refuse either to prophesy or to guess that eventually the synthetic article will be available at prices low enough to affect an entire section of high-cost plantations halfway around the world which are now in profitable production. Rubber is grown in a belt about five hundred miles wide, right along the

mean in its effects upon the equatorial peoples, as well as upon our own national economy, makes interesting speculation. If ever that time should come, it would be a field day for automobile tire users, with Sumatran rubber planters and American chemists racing neck and neck to lower prices!

An account of how this synthetic product was developed might well require a long and, to all except rubber chemists, incomprehensible book. Dozens of articles have been written about it in the technical journals. In briefest possible form, European and British chemists, back at the time of our Civil War, were discovering that a chemical called isoprene seemed to be the essential ingredient of rubber. About the time of the first Chicago World's Fair, Tilden of England prepared isoprene from turpentine, stored it away for several years, and found that the contents of the bottles had turned into solid masses of rubber. All of which was interesting, but produced no commercial synthetic rubber.

Everyone knows something of the German struggles to produce synthetic rubber in wartime, continuing experiments carried on before the war. The Germans actually had a good many military trucks and automobiles on synthetic tires—of lamentable quality. They made a good many other rubber products from this material, which was something that chemists call methyl rubber, a direct descendant of the discoveries about isoprene. But as soon as the blockade was lifted, they drew sighs of relief, threw out their *ersatz* rubber, and went back to using the natural product.

In 1906 an American priest, Father (Continued on page 57)



JUSTICE, YES, BUT MORE IMPORTANT, UNDERSTANDING AND SYMPATHY

HOLDING *the* HOME TOGETHER

By Stillman F. Westbrook

President, Community Chests and Councils, Inc.

A BOY of twenty-three was walking slowly down a wide street in one of our cities, thinking hard and desperately. There *must* be some way out—something had to be done right away—round and round his mind went. Suddenly his eye caught the sign on the front of an old building—“Institute of Family Service.” “Why, that sounds like help,” he thought. “Anyway, I’m going to try it,” and scared but determined, he plunged through the front door which stood open.

Almost at once, it seemed, he found himself sitting in a quiet room, pouring out his trouble to a strange but kind and interested young woman. He told of his girl and of the marriage which had been postponed three times when jobs petered out or promised ones failed him, and how now when he couldn’t even buy a license, the wedding couldn’t be put off any longer—they daren’t tell her people and he had no family. It seemed only a few minutes later that he was telephoning jubilantly to the only girl in the world to “come up here quick—I have found someone we can talk to that I think will help us.”

That same day into the same office came a telephone call from a very different man, with a very different background—from the “Heights” in fact. “Would it be possible to have the services of a case worker?” His wife had left him, he had three children and some plan must be made for better care of them than a man alone could give. He thought a family social worker could give him the best advice. “Could she come to the house by appointment?”

The telephone rang again—this time a business man interested in one of his employees whose home affairs were in a “mess.” From sheer worry the man was unfit to work and if something weren’t done he would lose his job and have to go on relief. If he came over to the office could someone help him plan how to spend his salary and keep out of debt? Or, better still, could a home economist go out to see his wife and give her at least a start at her job of homemaking?

All family problems, all different, each involving human beings in trouble, each needing the thoughtful consideration and skill of someone trained to know people, to help them understand themselves and their troubles and, together, to find the way out.

This confidential “family service” is not exactly new. In Hartford, Connecticut, and many other cities, family societies have always given special attention to building up family life. The depression which brought to the attention of social workers hundreds and thousands of families who had never before needed such help, brought also to light many problems of family life created or accentuated by the depression which left in its wake domestic difficulties, desertion, under-nourishment, emotional break-down—people with morale shattered, embittered and warped. Such as these neither Federal relief nor any other relief alone is adequate to help—only skilled service given individually and meeting each problem separately can hope to deal with them.

It is a good omen, therefore, that all over the country today—perhaps most noticeably in our larger cities, but appearing also in many of our smaller

progressive communities—we find springing up “Family Clinics,” “Family Societies,” “Family Consultation Service,” “Institutes of Family Service.” Whatever their local name, they are usually functioning as members of the Family Welfare Association of America and are devoting themselves to promoting family life. Often they are the old private charitable organizations which, freed from the terrific burden of unemployment relief, taken over in the main by governmental agencies, state and federal, can now turn their skill to helping rebuild shattered homes and strengthening family life.

There is no formal pattern or set-up which is followed in all cities. Some are organized as clinics with a physician and psychiatrist on the staff. Others add to their case workers vocational counselors and home economists, referring to outside care those appearing to need medical and psychiatric help. There is nothing formal or formidable in these offices. In large cities, branch offices are scattered throughout the city, located at strategic points where it is easy for people to come in and easy for them to stay and tell their troubles.

There is nothing of the old popular notion of a cold, mechanical investigation—actually social workers find that when people in trouble are set at ease, they tell of their own accord such things as one needs to know in order to help them. As one woman said, “When I told you about myself, I knew I could trust you and you were interested.” One client expressed the feelings of many when she said, “I like to come here to the office. It is just like making an appointment with the doctor.” With clients using the same entrance as social workers, volunteers, and board members, no one knows why anyone is coming. Terrible as the depression has been, perhaps out of it has come some new measure of democracy, a fellow feeling for other human beings. When our relatives and neighbors, college-bred many of them, are at one time or another forced on relief, the stigma formerly attached to entering a “charity” office is considerably lessened.

OF COURSE, such family consultation clinics are not yet well enough known so that all who need such service find their way inside. The need for the services of doctors and lawyers is well known. The fact that in a family crisis, a family case worker is available—without charge—is just beginning to get around. The Associated Charities in Cleveland has just added to its old name a new one, “Institute of Family Service,” and placed conspicuous signs on its six district offices. There are yet, however, too many folks who feel that for domestic discord one must resort to court. Actually a family society aims to keep people out of court, to save them from the publicity and hurt feelings and resentment, to resolve the fears and hostilities which lead husbands and wives to want to punish each other. Sometimes it doesn’t take so much to patch up the difficulties, given an understanding and tactful family counselor who sees people’s outbursts and unreasonableness not as sheer perversity or devilishness for which they should be bawled out, but as symptoms of worry or desperate unhappiness.

The Thomases are an illustration of one of these apparently easy solutions. Yet they themselves had tried four times in their married life to make a go of (Continued on page 58)

*Drawing by
Herbert M. Stoops*



HOT STOVE

*By
Rabbit Maranville*

AN OLD friend of mine dropped in the other day. He was all bunged up. He was using a cane but he needed a crutch. He had a scratch on his chin and he creaked when he moved. Being a guy who tries to follow all the rules, I asked him if he'd got the number of the truck that ran him down. He hadn't been run down by a truck; he'd been playing baseball.

This chap isn't a year older than I am. We played baseball against each other when we were kids. We were in the same Navy together in the same war. Remember? But he wondered how it was that I, at my age, still could play baseball in the big leagues while he, about the same age, played in just a scrub game in the autumn and got wrecked.

"Holy Mackerel!" said he, because he is an old sailor and given to strong language, "you must earn every nickel they pay you. Twenty years ago I envied you. I don't any longer. Anybody who has to play baseball for a living earns anything he gets and then some."

He'd played a few innings at a Legion clambake and look at him! "Well, what did you play for?" I asked. "Just for the fun of it," he answered, and next time he'd play maybe just one inning.

I laughed in his face, and he looked puzzled. Yes sir, that middle-aged philbert was pitying me while he was bunged up and all the time he thought it was lots of fun to play in a scrub game.

He'd got the idea, I guess, that there's a big difference between baseball at a Legion clambake and baseball in the big leagues. Maybe there is, in skill, but there's no difference in the fun—or not much. He thinks baseball, as he plays it, is a sport. Well, baseball as I play it is a sport. And I don't overdo it as much as he does, either, if you ask me.

For a quarter of a century I've been playing baseball for pay. It has been pretty good pay, most of the time. The work has been hard, but what of it? It's been risky. I've broken both my legs. I've sprained everything I've got between my ankles and my disposition. I've dislocated my joints and I've fractured my pride. I've spent more time in hospitals than some fellows ever spend in church. I've ridden on railroad trains until a steam shovel couldn't lift the cinders I've combed out of my hair. I've eaten lousy food and slept on literally lousy beds. I've been socked with fists and pop bottles and insults. I've been broken out of bed in the middle of the night by fat-headed bums who only wanted to know what Pop Anson's all-time batting average was. I've lost a lot of teeth and square yards of hide. But I've never lost my

PRETTY soft, you probably think as you watch a major league player do his stuff. But the Rabbit, who has been at it for a good many more than twenty years, knows better. It's a chance-taking game all the way, and when you slide head first, as Pepper Martin of the St. Louis Cards is doing here, you're inviting a disabling injury

self-respect, and I've kept what I find in few men of my age—my enthusiasm. And I don't just mean my enthusiasm for baseball, though that continues even in the hot stove season.

If I had my life to live all over again do you know what I'd do? I'd be a big-league baseball player, that's what I'd do. And I'll tell you why. But first let me tell you a few of the reasons why I'd hesitate before making the choice. There are why-nots, too—bushels of them.

The why-nots never appealed to me much when I first went up. It wasn't until after the war and after I'd got married that they began to bother me. But I still was only a kid—in my twenties.

One day I slid into a bag and bumped hard against a tough gent—my guess now is that it may have been Frankie Frisch, who was then a rookie although I was something of an old-timer. When I got up, I was limping. I was out of the game for a few days. But it wasn't my stiff muscles which hurt me so much during those few days as it was my imagination.

Up to that time I'd risked bones and muscles on every slide I'd ever made. I'd run straight for second in the face of shortstops who were shooting for double plays—running purposely to try and get in the way of the throw, although it might hit me between the eyes. Although most players slide feet first, their spikes plowing a path ahead of them, I'd never hesitated to slide head first if it looked like a good bet, and it often did. Sliding head first is a good way to get killed sometimes, but it's often a good way to

get safely to base, too. I'd let myself get hit by pitched balls I could have dodged. I'd blocked two-hundred pounders off second when I didn't weigh much more than half that much. I'd chased balls into the sun and had lost them and had kept on looking for them when I knew they might come down and bop my snout. But I'd never been afraid. Now I began to be afraid.

It wasn't the prospect of pain that scared me; it was the prospect of idleness. When I break a leg it hurts me just as much as it hurts you when you break a leg, but maybe if you break a leg you can go on in your work even while you're in bed. A shortstop with a broken leg is often a shortstop out of work. And while I wasn't fretting much about myself, I'd taken on the responsibility of a wife, and later we had a daughter.

I sat down and figured it out something like this:

"Well, Rabbit, you're getting on. Your bones are brittle than they used to be. You're still good at the game, though, and you know more about it every year. It's still going to pay you a snappy salary. It's going to pay you more than you can get on any other job you know. But if you stick to it, you've got to take chances. If you don't stick to it, you'll lose opportunities for your family. What're you going to do?"

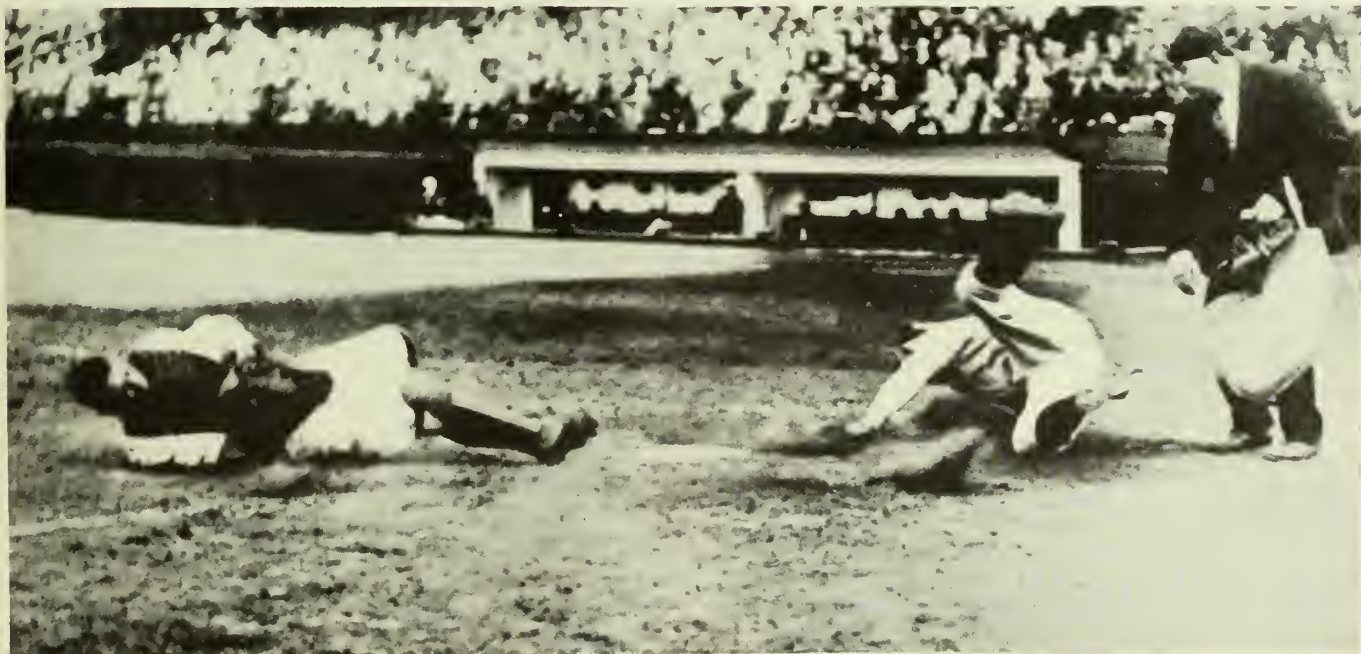
Now you can't stop doing dangerous things if you're going to stay in the big leagues. You can't slide on your hips just to keep your face in place if by sliding on your face you can get home ahead of the ball. You can't dodge when the sun hides the ball. You've either got to be a true big-leaguer or a phony. As a phony you might hang on for a year or two, but no longer. As a real big-leaguer you've got to be able to take it, and to keep on taking it. You can't cheat the fans or your teammates.

I decided to stick to the game and to go on playing as I had been playing, trying not to think of the risk or the pain. But I decided that the rest of my big-league career would be work, and not play. Right now, I'm pleased to be able to say I was wrong. Baseball is still play, in spite of the risks and fears and responsibilities.

But long before I reached the conclusion that baseball was something which included work, some of my old friends had dropped out. Butch Schmidt, the World Champion Braves' first baseman, had quit early. He was a real big-leaguer, was Butch, one of the best that ever got up there. And he was good for several more seasons in fast company. But he stopped having fun at the game. By the time I was in my thirties most of the old Braves had quit, and not all of them because they had to, by a long shot.

I could understand why they quit. After you've been up just so long, almost everything (Continued on page 56)

STUFF



Here catcher and base runner both take it where it hurts

YOU *and Everybody Else*

By Frank E. Samuel

National Adjutant, The American Legion

YOU and 840,000 other Legionnaires held a national convention in St. Louis last September at which you decided that this Legion of ours would do certain things in this new year of 1936 which now is dawning. You may have been there. Perhaps you weren't. If you weren't, there was a man there speaking and voting for you. You elected him. He was one of the delegates of your State. Each Department sent to the national convention five delegates at large and one additional delegate for each thousand members that it had thirty days before the convention was held.

There were exactly 1,207 delegates, including your own, who deliberated, debated and voted in St. Louis. They were doing just what you and 840,000 other Legionnaires would have done if it had been practicable for you all to get together at one time and place. So that Legion program for 1936 is your program—yours and everybody else's in the Legion.

The Congress of the Legion assembles in a different city each year, but the Legion's national capital is Indianapolis. There it has a capitol of its own—a four-story stone building of classic architecture, located on an expansive, beautiful World War Memorial Plaza, where your National Commander has his office, and where, in a chamber filled with walnut desks surmounted with the seals of all the States, the Legion's National Executive Committee meets each November and each May. You are represented at these meetings also.

The member of the National Executive Committee for your Department is somebody you and the other Legionnaires of your Department selected because he had shown outstanding ability in Legion affairs over a long period, under your observation. He probably was your Department Commander last year or in some earlier year. With the District of Columbia and outlying Departments, there are fifty-eight Departments represented on that National Executive Committee. It constitutes the Legion's Senate. One of its most important functions is to take that vast number of resolutions adopted by your convention—your House of Representatives—and make it into a compact, workable program. This it does at its meeting in November.

Your new National Commander, Ray Murphy of Iowa, sat with your National Executive Committee in Indianapolis on November 1st and 2d and placed in order a program designed to accomplish four overwhelmingly important purposes in 1936 and to raise the Legion's membership to more than a million. It set these four main legislative objectives, in harmony with your wishes expressed in St. Louis:

1. Immediate payment of the Adjusted Compensation Certificates at full face value, with cancelation of accrued interest and refund of interest paid, to be settled as a single issue without being complicated or confused by other questions of government finance or theories of currency.
2. Government protection for the widows and orphans of World War veterans.
3. A Universal Service Act providing for the conscription of capital, industry and manpower in the event of war, and the use of each in the service of the nation without special privilege or profit.
4. Completion of that part of the National Defense program which has not yet been enacted into law, and maintenance of

gains made with the Legion's assistance during the past few years.

These were the four main legislative objectives designated, and all the other legislative mandates of the St. Louis Convention were grouped into a secondary legislative program. By adopting this secondary legislative program and by its other actions, the National Executive Committee reaffirmed these additional planks of the 1936 program:

AMERICANISM: Continued as the primary activity of the Legion. Militant opposition to subversive elements which are contrary to the fundamental principles of democracy. Sweeping program for the promotion of education, youth improvement, highway safety and crime prevention.

REHABILITATION: Immediate restoration of benefits to the disabled and attainment by new legislation or Veterans Administration rules of the large number of objectives in rehabilitation approved by the St. Louis Convention.

VETERANS' PREFERENCE: Immediate legislation to make mandatory on all departments and independent establishments of the federal government vigorous enforcement of veterans' preference in selection, retention and promotion in civil service. Distribution of employment on public works projects, with exclusion of aliens. The complete elimination of political endorsement requirements for veterans seeking employment in any federal, state, county or municipal project.

IMMIGRATION: Suspension of all immigration for ten years, and deportation of aliens belonging to subversive groups, destitute aliens and those who entered this country illegally. The compulsory fingerprinting of all persons in the United States.

CHILD WELFARE: Undiminished nation-wide program of direct emergency relief to needy orphans, the obtaining for such children of the full benefits now accorded them under state and federal legislation and the enactment of additional legislation for their benefit in States in which such legislation has not already been enacted.

NEUTRALITY: Full support of the policy of absolute neutrality for the United States and the avoidance of all entanglements which might lead to war.

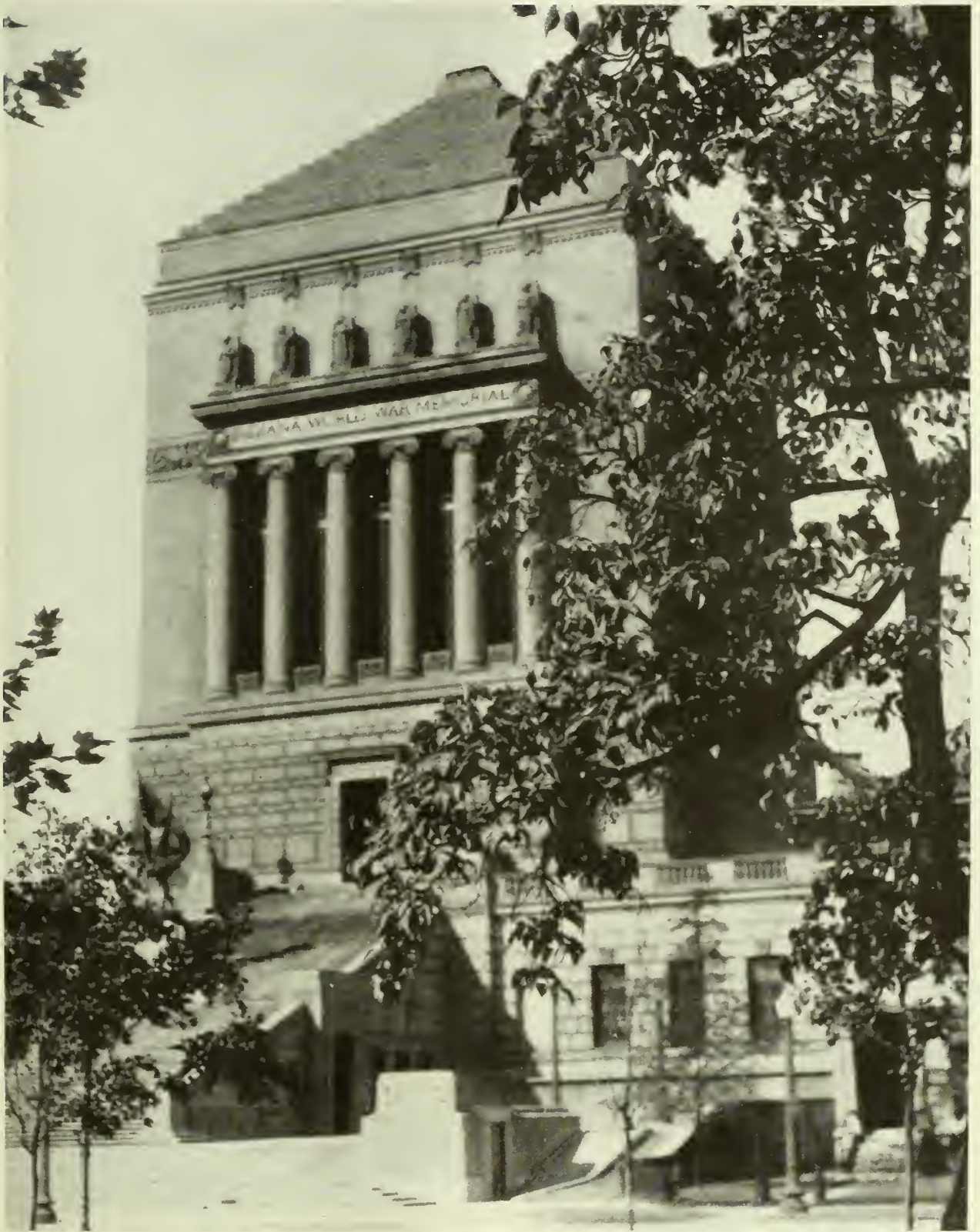
WAR DEBTS: Collection of all war debts owed to the United

WITH payment of adjusted compensation certificates and three other major legislative objectives, with a general program calling for hard work by every post, a united American Legion hails the dawn of 1936

States by foreign nations, without further extensions or reductions.

RUSSIA: Rescinding of the recognition of Soviet Russia.

We start this year 1936 with two marvelous prospects for the future. The first is membership. The second is the almost cer-



The Indiana World War Memorial Shrine in Indianapolis looks across sunken gardens and a formal square to The American Legion's National Headquarters Building

tain assurance that adjusted compensation certificates will be paid, by order of Congress, sometime early in the year.

Just before the National Executive Committee met, there was held in Indianapolis the annual conference of the Department Commanders and Adjutants. This came at the end of October, three weeks earlier than in other years and less than a month after the starting of enrolment by posts for the new year. Nevertheless, the fifty-eight Departments reported in the telegraphic roll-call on October 29th, that they had signed up for 1936 a total

of 266,728 members. The national quota for the year has been set at 895,961. If our hopes are realized, that can be reached by next Memorial Day. For the first time since the year 1931, we have a good chance of going on past the quota and reaching a million.

John Thomas Taylor, Director of Legislation, told all those at the meetings in Indianapolis that the bill for the full and immediate payment of adjusted compensation certificates will be before Congress for action as soon as it convenes. (Continued on page 60)

START THE NEW YEAR RIGHT

Do Your Bit for Traffic Safety

BY WALLGREN

FOR the benefit of Legion posts, corporations, organizations, schools, or individuals who wish to spread the gospel of safe and sane driving The American Legion Monthly is prepared to supply copies of this cartoon at one dollar a hundred, postage or express prepaid. Address The American Legion Monthly, Indianapolis, Indiana

Never pass a car on the right -
Never pass a car on a hill -
Never pass a car on a curve? -
Gosh!! You don't pass much in
this game!!



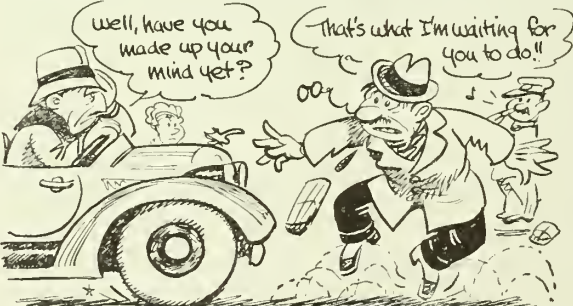
STUDY UP ON YOUR RULES & TRAFFIC REGULATIONS AGAIN, AND YOU MAY SOON FEEL AS FOOLISH AS THIS DRIVER - SOME MOTORISTS FORGET ALL LAWS OF COURTESY, AND ETIQUETTE, JUST AS SOON AS THEY HIT THE STARTER -



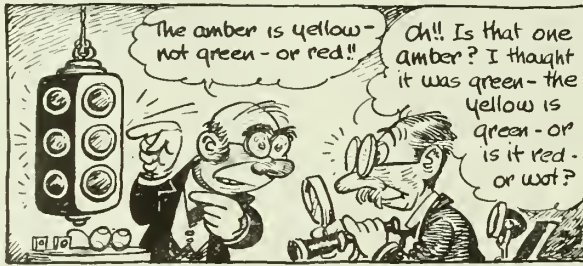
WHAT IS IT THAT MAKES A MILD-MANNERED, CONSIDERATE PERSON LIKE THIS, MR. HYDE -



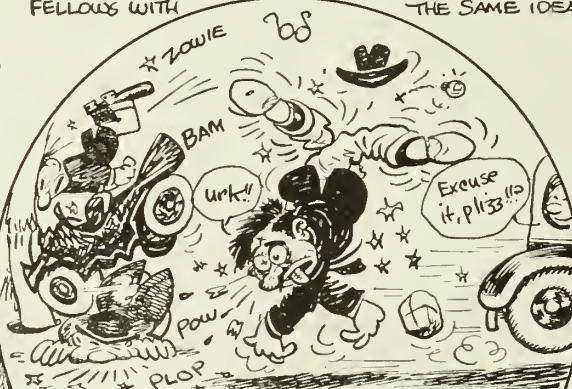
-TURN INTO THIS ILL-MANNERED, SELFISH ROAD HOG AND SPEED-DEMON THE MOMENT HE GETS IN BACK OF THE WHEEL OF HIS CAR? -IT'S VERY INCONSISTENT - AND HOW ARE YOU, OUR GOOD FELLOW??



A GOOD DRIVER NEVER ASSUMES JUST WHAT A PEDESTRIAN IS GOING TO DO - HE'S LIABLE TO JUMP IN ANY - OR ALL DIRECTIONS - SO, THE SAFEST COURSE IS TO SLOW DOWN, OR EVEN STOP, UNTIL HE MAKES A DECISION.



VISIT AN OCCULIST AND MAKE SURE YOU'RE NOT COLOR BLIND, OR SOMETHING - SO MANY DRIVERS THINK THAT 'AMBER' MEANS 'STEP-ON-IT', INSTEAD OF CHANGE FROM RED TO GREEN, OR VICE-VERSA - AND IT'S AMBER ON ALL FOUR SIDES AT ONCE, YOU KNOW - AND THERE MAY BE THREE OTHER FELLOWS WITH THE SAME IDEA.



A PICTURE LIKE THIS IS USUALLY GOOD FOR A LAUGH IN THE FUNNY PAPERS - BUT, NO ARTIST COULD PAINT THE HORRIBLE RESULTS OF SUCH ACCIDENTS AS OCCUR IN REALITY EVERY DAY - NO PUBLICATION COULD PRINT THE GRUESOME PHOTOS OF SUCH TRAGEDIES.



CERTAINLY - SOMEBODY ALWAYS HAS THE RIGHT OF WAY - BUT A DRIVER WHO WILL ARGUE IT WITH A TEN-TON TRUCK, OR NON-STOP SPEED MANIAC, SELDOM HAS A CHANCE TO PROVE HE HAD IT. ALLOWANCES MUST BE MADE TO SAVE LIVES.

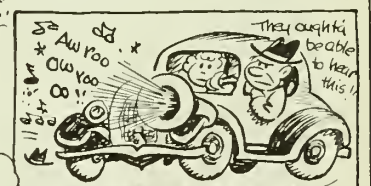
I no sooner put my foot on th' gas than my car just seems to run away with me!! And, man - Do we all travel!!?



LOTS OF DRIVERS HAVE THIS AFFLICTION, AND DON'T KNOW IT - ONCE THEY GET THAT FOOT ON THE ACCELERATOR IT'S DOWN FOR THE COUNT - HAVE YOU CHECKED YOUR OWN FOOT PRESSURE LATELY?



"ARMLESS WONDERERS?" ANY MOTORIST CAN TELL YOU HOW MANY OF THESE PEOPLE DRIVE CARS - & AS THEY NEVER SIGNAL FOR TURNS OR ANYTHING ELSE, WE CAN SAFELY ASSUME THEY HAVE NO ARMS TO STICK OUT?



THE HORN IS NOT THE MOST IMPORTANT PART OF A CAR - AS SO MANY DRIVERS THINK - IT DOES NOT GIVE YOU THE RIGHT OF WAY - AND IT DOES NOT RELIEVE TRAFFIC JAMS - NO MATTER HOW HARD YOU BLOW IT.



"SAFETY FIRSTS" CARRIED BY ALL RELIABLE OWNERS & DRIVERS

ACCIDENT IN AUTO INSURANCE POLICY

VETERANS *are* PEOPLE

ON JANUARY 3d the second session of the Seventy-Fourth Congress will convene, to confront an era of legislative activity that may prove to be without parallel even in these momentous times. Early in its career it will receive for discussion and disposition a measure calling for the payment in full of the Adjusted Service Certificates—the so-called soldiers' bonus.

This will be no new experience for Congress. It has been faced with the soldiers' bonus issue—or a soldiers' bonus issue—repeatedly since 1919. It has passed such a bill repeatedly. Repeatedly, moreover, the House of Representatives has consistently passed it over a Presidential veto. The Senate joined in effecting the enactment of the Adjusted Compensation Bill of 1924 over a Presidential veto. The 1935 measure failed of enactment in the Senate over a Presidential veto only because the bill was overburdened with an inflation rider, as all veterans are aware.

The bonus bill which will be placed before the incoming session of Congress will stand on its own merits. And, stripped of entanglements as it will be, the bonus issue has sufficient merits and more to enable it to be written into the law of the land.

Are those merits appreciated? Does public opinion favor the bonus?

Opponents of the measure have been declaring, ever since the issue first came to the fore, that only the strength and unity of the "soldier vote" has held Congress "in line" to produce such a consistent sequence of favorable ballots whenever the bonus came to direct vote in either house. The electorate itself, these objectors have maintained, has undoubtedly been against successive measures but has had no opportunity to make its attitude manifest. The great unorganized majority, in other words, has consistently seen its will flouted by a representative body that, thanks to the "pressure of the veteran lobby," does not represent.

Two weeks ago the unorganized majority had its chance. A poll conducted by the American Institute of Public Opinion and syndicated in newspapers throughout the country (a majority of which newspapers have been consistently anti-bonus) proved that public opinion generally favors immediate payment of the bonus in the proportion of

55 to 45. An analysis of the vote by sections is of interest:

	Yes	No
New England	50.5	49.5
Middle Atlantic	56	44
East Central	56	44
West Central	53	47
South	57	43
Mountain	57	43
Pacific Coast	52	48

In no part of the nation was a majority recorded in opposition to the immediate payment of the Adjusted Compensation Certificates.

It need hardly be said that the figures assembled by the American Institute of Public Opinion are fairly, intelligently and honestly gathered and are thoroughly representative. If it were not so, the Institute would not have the large and impressive following of national newspapers which are primarily interested in the dissemination of important and credible news, regardless of how much that news may go against the grain of their editorial pages.

But the statistics assembled by the American Institute of Public Opinion are important in another sense than their forthright endorsement of the adjusted compensation issue. They are a definite and clear-cut endorsement of the status of the veteran. Much of the opposition to the bonus has started with the premise that the World War veteran is horned, tailed, and taloned, and that the talons are plunged wrist deep in the public funds. For fifteen years and more, in the general view of the opposition, the veteran has been engaged in "raiding the United States Treasury." While he cannot technically be deprived of his status as a citizen of the United States, he has, in this view, for a decade and a half been conducting himself as little like a citizen as he could well do and retain his citizenship.

The result of the balloting announced a few days ago indicates that general American sentiment does not altogether check with this somewhat extreme view. To at least 55 persons out of every hundred (and, doubtless, to a good proportion of the other 45 who are honestly and sincerely opposed to the bonus) veterans are still people. The fact is worth keeping in mind by those newspapers which during the next few weeks will seek to resurrect ancient bogies and worn-out slanders.

BACK HOME AGAIN *in Indiana*

By
John J. Noll

*F*AME Elevates a Hoosier-
Born Girl to the Head-
quarters of the Auxiliary's
National President

WHEN four hundred thousand women select from their number just one person to guide the destinies of their organization, it must be assumed that that one woman has qualifications eminently outstanding. Those qualifications, necessarily, are not kept hidden by the Department that nominates her as a candidate. A record of her ability and of her accomplishments and of the work she has done is presented for the consideration of all. Thus it was in St. Louis in September last when The American Legion Auxiliary in annual convention assembled, elected to its highest office Mrs. Melville Mucklestone of Illinois.

While to the mind of this chronicler, Mrs. T. K. Rinaker, Past President of the Department of Illinois, did a splendid piece of work in bringing before the convention the qualifications of the candidate her State was placing in nomination, there are several items of major importance which she overlooked or, shall I say, understated. She told the assembled delegates of her candidate's long service in the Auxiliary, of her membership in Woodlawn Unit of Chicago, of her amiability, cheerfulness and sense of duty, her energy and honesty and tactfulness, her business experience and her unusual ability as a public speaker. All of which are qualifications expected of a woman who is destined to lead for a year the largest woman's patriotic organization in the world.

But, as stated before, there are one or two items about which I learned since Mrs. Mucklestone's election as National President that would have impressed upon those interested the fact that she was exceptionally prepared for the office. She has beautiful poise, she has an unexcelled diplomatic sense, she has a force in that small person of hers and a flash in her blue eyes that belie her youthful appearance. That appearance of youth, by the way, notwithstanding her white hair, almost proved a handicap as some of the Auxiliary members thought that Ada Mucklestone was still too young for the position and should bide her time.

I know Mrs. Rinaker will generously permit me to quote from her nominating speech: "Her Auxiliary service began in her Unit where she served as President and as chairman of various committees. In her district she served as chairman of committees. She served as President of the Cook County Council, an organization within the Department of Illinois which has more members than that of

thirty-eight Departments in the national organization." All of which is true, but not in that chronological order—and that is the point I want to stress as bearing on the especial fitness of Ada Mucklestone for her recognition nationally.

Let us look into the record. Recognition of Mrs. Mucklestone's ability came quite early in her Auxiliary career. Her active interest in the work of her Unit, that of Woodlawn Post of Chicago, was immediately apparent after she became a member. She served on committees, she did thoroughly the jobs assigned to her, but the office of Unit President was not hers. At one of the meetings of her Unit, officers of the Cook County Council of the Auxiliary were guests and they were impressed by the understanding of Auxiliary problems shown by Ada Mucklestone. Here was timber for greater honors. And so it was that before official recognition came to her from her own Woodlawn Unit, she served the County Council as Secretary, as First Vice President and as President, in consecutive years. That last honor came to her in 1929, and it was not until 1931, when she had ad-



Ada Mucklestone, above, as a schoolgirl of sixteen. At left, Melville Mucklestone, Lieutenant, Air Corps, U. S. A., during the war

vanced to the office of Second Vice President of the Department of Illinois and was serving her Department as National Defense Chairman, that she was elected President of Woodlawn Unit.



Mrs. Melville Mucklestone of Chicago, the National President of The American Legion Auxiliary. At right, her twenty-one-year-old son, Tom White

That distinction—that singling out of a woman from her Unit to lead a county organization of the Auxiliary as large as that in Cook County, with its membership of ten thousand—is impressive. Comparably, it is as significant as when an officer in the Army is jumped several grades—say from captain to brigadier general, over many seniors, and from that rank to a full general, which was the unusual career of General Pershing. Such recognition shows that leaders are discovered even among the rank and file. That one argument alone would have sold Ada Mucklestone to the 732 delegates who represented the Auxiliary's four hundred thousand members in the St. Louis convention.

ADA MUCKLESTONE is proud of the fact that she springs from the sturdy stock which helped to build this country of ours. All four of her grandparents came to America from Europe during the middle years of the nineteenth century. Her paternal grandfather, Frank Sloan, Scotch-Irish, came from the north of Ireland, his wife being an Abney of Scotland. Her mother's father, Herman Lass, had come with his wife from Germany, where he had been a school teacher. Upon his arrival in America, however,

he returned to farming. Both the Sloan and Lass families had settled in Indiana and it was in that State that the son, Frank Sloan, and the daughter, Emma Lass, met and were married.

Ada Mucklestone is also proud of the fact that from rather humble surroundings, she succeeded in carving out an interesting and outstanding career for herself. The second eldest of ten children, Ada Sloan was born on a farm near Richmond, Indiana, although when she was still a baby, the family moved to Hartford City, Indiana, the county seat of Blackford County, northeast of Indianapolis. Here, as a member of a family in very moderate circumstances, Ada completed the grade school and after three years as a student in the Hartford City high school, entered Valparaiso University in Valparaiso, Indiana. In addition to the regular academic course, Ada took a course in elocution and was soon in great demand for school entertainments, and for women's club meetings. During those college days, there developed a youthful romance with a fellow student, B. T. White, that culminated in the marriage of these two very young persons.

Ada's interest in dramatic art continued and she enrolled in the Anna Morgan School of Fine Arts in Chicago, where she completed the required course. Later she studied with Lester Luther of the Chicago Conservatory of Music. At this time, she found it necessary to abandon her ambition for a career in the arts to enter the business world because she had a baby son to support, her youthful marriage having proved to be a mistake. Later, Mr. White died. She had prepared herself for secretarial work.

Even as a very young woman, her extraordinary abilities made themselves evident. During her first employment, as a stenographer in a temporary position, she learned that the Agricultural Extension Department of the International Harvester Company was seeking a new secretary and director of the stenographic force. She made application and was selected for this important assignment over fifty other applicants, many of whom had had years of business experience. A pleasant commentary upon her ability to maintain harmony is the fact that during the seven-year period she remained with the company, not one change in her staff was necessary.

Now, years after she resigned her position, Arnold B. Keller, Treasurer of the International Harvester Company, recalls with pleasure the assistance that she rendered. He said to me, "When Mrs. Mucklestone was in our employ she served most capably as secretary to Professor P. G. Holden, Director of the Agricultural Extension Department. In addition to her secretarial work, she had supervision of the centralized stenographic force.

Much to our regret she resigned to accept a position of greater responsibility and importance.

"All of us here who know her are greatly pleased to learn of her election to the principal office of the Legion Auxiliary. We are certain that her marked ability, pleasing personality and high character will be reflected in a successful administration."

While employed with the International Harvester Company, Ada's work came to the attention of Cyrus McCormick, Jr., who offered her a position as his



private secretary, but this offer was refused as she had arranged to go with the National Safety Council in Chicago. Knowing her capacity for constructive endeavors, she was engaged as assistant manager of the advertising department of that organization and contributed largely to the prestige of the national monthly magazine, the *National Safety News*.

From Mr. W. H. Cameron, Managing Director of the National Safety Council, I learned of the high esteem in which Ada Mucklestone is still held by all those with whom she worked and the great joy they derived from her election (Continued on page 38)

LOOKING

By
Boyd B. Stutler

THE guide books tell us that Miami, Florida, is separated from St. Louis, Missouri, by only about thirteen hundred and twenty-eight rail miles, and that the distance can be covered easily in a couple of days of travel. For once the book is wrong—it's just eleven months to a day and almost one hundred thousand miles of travel between the two cities. Frank Belgrano, Jr., who was elected National Commander of The American Legion at Miami on October 26, 1934, and laid down the gavel on the election of his successor at St. Louis on September 26, 1935, can bear testimony to the truth of that statement. He knows, because he made that long trek from Miami to St. Louis, including way-stops in every State in the country.

This Legion trail wound about over the map of the United States, from north to south and from east to west, before reaching the national convention city where it came to a rest. Even then the retiring Commander was more than twenty-five hundred miles from his home down by the southern hinge of the Golden Gate at San Francisco. He had scarcely started on his way to that home in the west when Ray Murphy, who had been chosen to carry the standard during the next Legion year, took up the same round of travel that will trace a similar spider-web upon the map during the next year—a round that will not end until the gavel falls at the conclusion of the next national convention at Cleveland, Ohio.

Men who have served in the highest office the Legion has to offer found very early in their administration that they would have but one business during their tenure, and that business the business of the Legion. Personal affairs must be entrusted to others and even visits to their own homes very few and far between. Frank Belgrano was no exception. During his eleven months in office his whole time was devoted to the exacting duties of the commandship, and only thrice did he find time to visit his home city of San Francisco. While on this long trail he was called upon to make more than three hundred addresses, not including sixty-five radio talks, sit in conferences without number, attend public functions of every kind and character, had a sufficient number of official breakfasts, luncheons and dinners to last the average man a long, long lifetime. In common with his predecessors in office, Commander Belgrano has earned the title of banqueteer first class, and can successfully defend that title against all comers. He has, in the course of his struggle upward to that honored distinction, consumed his full share of what must have been a bumper crop of peas, carrots, string beans and mashed potatoes, without which no banquet spread seems really complete, together with all the minor and major accessories. But, also in common with others who have graced the commandship, the experience of the year has given to him a knowledge that he could not have obtained in any other way or in any other service—it has given him an opportunity to know the real America and to know accurately from intimate, personal association what the real people who make up this nation are thinking and talking about. That knowledge cannot fail to give him a greater and more compelling reason for pride in the land of his birth and confidence in the future of our great country.

The Legion demands much of its Commanders. Its first demand is clean-cut, straight-thinking leadership. The duties of



National Commander Belgrano taking the salute during the convention parade in St. Louis. His arm got pretty tired after eight hours of it.

the office demand a wealth of physical energy and an endurance that will not sag under long hours of grueling labor and sleepless nights. The young man from San Francisco brought to the office all of these qualities, plus a fighting spirit that carried him on and on when it seemed that the limit of physical endurance had almost been reached. He had begun his military career as a bugler, albeit not a very good one according to his captain, and fought his way up to the rank of commissioned officer; his business career was started as a bank messenger and from that position he had risen to the head of large business concerns; his Legion career as Post Adjutant and through the years by dint of hard work and devotion to the organization he had made his way through the

BACKWARD

At Artist Point of the Yellowstone National Park, with Boyd Stutler (left) and Joe Joffe. The crutches are for a sprained ankle the Commander got on stepping down from a platform

grades to the very top. He brought to the Legion that leadership needed in a most critical period.

In after years, when the passage of time has mellowed memories, Frank Belgrano will sit down in his home and think back on the events and the little incidents of his year as National Commander. He will have around him souvenirs and mementoes, of small value and great, presented by the Legion and Auxiliary of each State in the Union; he will thumb through the library of scrap books in which has been preserved the current record of the year as told in newspaper clippings and other memorabilia, stories that range from fulsome praise to bitter and biting criticism and even calumny; then he will turn to the volumes containing photographs of friends and co-laborers in this year of Legion endeavor, snapshots and news photos—each item will awaken a memory that



will live long after the petty and more unpleasant things have been forgotten. There is true recompense for the efforts and the service. One could not wish for more.

In rolling up the record of mileage comparable to that of his immediate predecessors, Commander Belgrano was under something of a handicap. Because of the important and urgent nature of the legislative program as outlined at the Miami convention he was kept on the firing line at Washington in close touch with every development for more than three months of the eleven. As a result of having this time so completely occupied intensive travel was imperative when he was released to make official visits to Departments, visits that had been long postponed, and to fulfill the traditional obligation to make at least one official visit to each Department. The whole round was accomplished by the good old fashioned

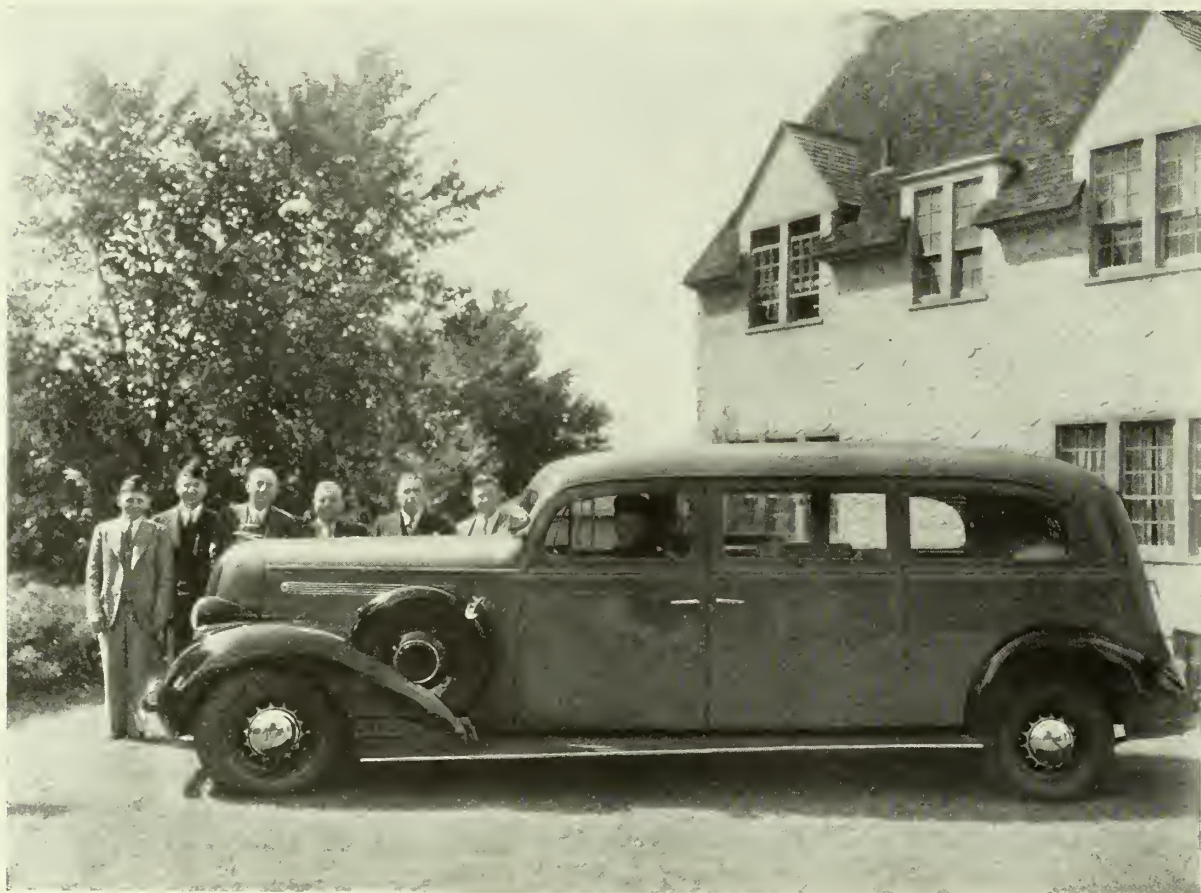
catch-as-catch-can method of transportation, using that means which fitted best into the schedule—rail, plane, automobile and boat. Every train or plane was met on time, and every obstacle was overcome to reach the (Continued on page 54)



As Chief Cloud Eagle of the Arapahoe Indians of Wyoming the National Commander is flanked by Molly Old Eagle, Sadie Goes Up Alone, Charles Whiteman, Michael Old Eagle, Alonzo Red Willow, Ralph Runs Behind, Mary Runs Behind, and Irene Whiteman, with the two children in front Molly High Voice and Evaline Bad Woman

Opportunity PLUS

WHEN luck came this post grabbed it, but it was hard work which gave it a new home and high place in its community. There is no copyright on its formula for success



THE radio and motion picture generation which is now in its first long pants age doesn't spend much time reading the works of Horatio Alger, that amiable author whose tales supplied spiritual reinforcement to the growing youth of the country, up until the World War at least. The present-day radio disciples of Buck Rogers and Little Bobby Benson never have swapped among themselves such literary gems as "Work and Win," "Pluck and Luck," "Through Thick and Thin" and the score of other masterpieces which all followed faithfully a single formula. In each opus the poor but honest youth, whose very name proclaimed his devotion to the fundamental virtues, took his stand on the lowest rung of the ladder of daily life and proceeded through many chapters to climb his way to the top, winding up finally as a banker or broker or some other solid citizen wearing a square derby.

Horatio Alger's boy hero always staged in a very early chapter a thrilling rodeo contest with opportunity, and invariably harnessed this early opportunity to the chariot of his later progress. Certainly Horatio Alger was a mighty force for the generations he served, instilling a desire to live by the Golden Rule.

With their roots in the Horatio Alger age, today's Legionnaires

Crim-Shaffer Post in Ilion, New York, provided its town with this ambulance after the town had leased to it an architecturally-beautiful fire station (shown in rear) for its clubhouse

have not lost the philosophy of roping and tying opportunity whenever it gallops into view. In support of this theme, we introduce A. V. Sutton as spokesman for Crim-Shaffer Post of Ilion, New York.

You know that name, Ilion, of course, but perhaps you don't identify it offhand as the home of Remington arms and Remington typewriters. Nestled in the historic Mohawk Valley of New York, during the war it turned out rifles for the British and American armies. Now the same plants are busy making sporting guns. Its today's plants turn out typewriters in increasing numbers as that emblem of civilization becomes as common as the fountain pen.

One of Crim-Shaffer Post's early achievements was the establishment of a large playground on land made available when the Erie Canal was abandoned. It followed this up with other good works, but what Mr. Sutton rises now to speak about are three

recent accomplishments. First, in order, is the story of a drum corps which succeeded immediately.

"Each year we stage a benefit in a local theater," relates Mr. Sutton. "In 1928 and 1929 we engaged a nationally-known Legion outfit, the Oneida Bugle Band, to play stage concerts for us. They gave us the idea for a musical outfit of our own. Dr. L. P. Jones was Post Commander. The post jumped into the effort enthusiastically, although like most other posts we had only a few men who knew anything about this special kind of music. We had two men who had been buglers in service. We were lucky in having Jack Rose to teach us the drums. I served as musical director and wrote most of our music.

"The drum corps was formed in the late fall. In the following March we gave our own concert to four capacity houses—4,500 paid admissions. A month later we went into our first competition, against six other outfits, and finished a close second. That summer we entered five other competitions, won three seconds and two firsts. Then we went to the Department convention at Saratoga and took first prize away from fifteen other outfits, many of them years older in experience and several of them past state champions.

"Just pause a moment and consider this accomplishment. If anybody, watching the precision and perfection of the drilling and playing at the 1929 state competition held at Utica had made the prediction that the corps destined to win the 1930 championship was not yet in existence, he'd have been laughed down. Well, that was what happened, and after that we felt anything was possible.

"It was only natural that the next major undertaking of the post should be a home of its own. We had lived in rented quarters from the beginning. Our members all work for a living and

we have no wealthy patrons. We were just like hundreds of other posts. But opportunity appeared one day.

"During the business expansion of the late 20's, a fire station was erected in West Hill, one of our principal residential sections. It was a beautiful building, in keeping with the homes round about it. After the depression set in, with its many retrenchments, the fire equipment was consolidated in the Central Station downtown, and the fine building in West Hill stood empty.

"When William M. Carter was installed as Commander he pledged himself to find a home for the post. The West Hill fire station became our dream home. We made the dream come true. Village officials were more than friendly. The lease was arranged. A stipulation was that if necessity should arise we should permit the temporary housing of a fire truck.

"A new floor of wood was laid over the concrete of the assembly

room. On the second floor we have a lounge, cardroom, kitchen and other rooms. The Auxiliary worked prodigiously to supply furnishings. Our housewarming last winter was a real community event and Mayor Frank Whitney and members of the Board of Trustees said some nice things about the post.

"Now for our latest work. For several years, Ilion has needed a new

community ambulance. The old one, presented by our late townsman, Seth G. Heacock, had served well but it belonged to another day. In the second year of his reign, Commander Carter concluded that the need of a new ambulance called for action. He announced that the post would sponsor a campaign and invited every organization in town to join with us. We set up our post ambulance committee and asked each other organization to form a committee of its own, the chairman of each of these committees to compose a central committee. The town was divided into thirty-two sections, one for each organization in the campaign. A house-to-house canvass was made, card parties were held, money was found in other ways. We set out to get \$2,500 and we got it.

"So that the vehicle might be properly and wisely chosen, a special committee on selection was formed, composed of a physician, a hospital representative, an undertaker, a business man, the chief of police and the chief of the fire department. Four makes of cars were considered at first. The choice narrowed to two, and then a secret ballot was taken. It showed the committee unanimous in its choice.

"The night the ambulance was received from the factory a parade was formed, and the whole town was out to see the passing of the old and the reception of the new. The parade proceeded to the band shell in Central Park where the ambulance committee ceremoniously turned the vehicle over to the



National Commander Ray Murphy lays a wreath upon the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier in Arlington Cemetery on Armistice Day during the notable ceremonies conducted by the Legion and attended by President Roosevelt

mayor, the village board and other city representatives."

In this Legion so busy doing all sorts of surprising things, this is almost a typical story of a post and its town. There are some thousands of Ilions, with their counterparts of Crim-Shaffer Post. The Monthly is proud to present issue-by-issue the picture of 11,000 posts at work for their communities. Perhaps your own post has a story which should be told next.

Seventeen Years After

PRESIDENT FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT and Ray Murphy, National Commander of The American Legion, rendered to the Unknown Soldier in Arlington National Cemetery on Armistice Day the whole nation's pledges of continued devotion to the principles for which men died in the World War.



While 5,000 service men gathered in the amphitheater, overlooking Washington, for the services held under the auspices of The American Legion, the words of the President and the National Commander were heard by millions of other Americans gathered around radio sets in their own homes or at meeting places. A holiday by law in almost all the States, Armistice Day in 1935 was observed more widely than ever before, and few towns and cities, few Legion posts, failed to provide ceremonies of their own.

Washington on Armistice Day enjoyed the enchanted stillness of Indian summer and most of the Legion posts of the nation's capital sent delegations to the cemetery above the Potomac. The American Legion Auxiliary units were also represented by delegations, and Mrs. Melville Muckelstone, National President, with National Commander Murphy greeted President Roosevelt and Mrs. Roosevelt at the beginning of the ceremonies.

Both the President and the National Commander emphasized in their addresses the country's desire for world peace as the first of our national aims. National Commander Murphy described the Legion's program for strict neutrality, adequate national defense and a universal draft law and declared "we want no part in other nations' wars."

Nine Sons

WITH 12-year-old Vancil in the lead and baby Jacky as a rear guard, the nine sons of Ex-Marine Charles A. Small race to meet the mailman when he arrives at their home on his daily rounds in Pittsburg, Kansas. When the mailman brings Daddy's pay check from the state highway department, they almost get him down in their whirlwind onslaught upon him to seize the envelope, and back they race to the house in order of age and sturdiest legs. There was such a race with another sort of envelope in late November when the mailman brought to Mr. Small's home the \$100 check which was his as the writer of the

first-prize Big Moment published in the December issue of the Monthly.

In his prize-winning contribution, you may remember, Mr. Small, former sergeant overseas in General Smedley Butler's Thirteenth Marines, related that six of his nine sons belonged to the drum and bugle corps and all nine of them make up a baseball team in which a sub is used only for Jacky, who is eight months old. Mr. Small now writes that the boys are great on teamwork in everything and have divided up most of the household tasks to help their mother, who weighs 96 pounds.

"Charles, 11, and Gerald, 9, care for all the dishes," writes Mr. Small. "James, 9, looks after the baby. Vancil, 12, runs the errands and Lewis, 7, gets all the coal. They're all mighty fine about keeping their clothing in place and they take a real soldier's pride in keeping the house in shape. They are great movie fans. Charles, James, Lewis and Gerald make up a quartet and appear on many programs in school and elsewhere. They like to hunt and fish, wrestle and box. James, the fourth, is boxing champion. But my boys are mostly interested in baseball. James, Lewis and Robert are southpaws. The boys played about twenty games last summer and lost only three of them. Jacky does a great job on the sidelines now, but it won't be long before he'll have a regular place in the lineup."

Legionnaire Small is a member of Benjamin A. Fuller Post of Pittsburg. He is proud of the fact that his wartime outfit made a marksmanship record before leaving Quantico. Of its 3850 officers and men, 3653, or 95 percent, held the right to medals won on the rifle range. One-seventh qualified as expert riflemen, two-sevenths as sharpshooters and four-sevenths as marksmen. Defying the hoodoo, the Thirteenth Regiment sailed for France on Friday the Thirteenth on the *Von Steuben* with thirteen black cats aboard.

Legion Lectures

THE La Grange (Illinois) Legion Sunday Evening Club has won fame as perhaps the most outstanding of all American Legion community lecture programs. A glance at the list of thirty-three events in La Grange Post's 1935-36 series proves that fame deserved. Programs are given, with different speakers, Sunday afternoons as well as evenings. In the evening series will appear such celebrities as these: Dr. Arthur H. Compton, noted scientist and Nobel Prize winner; Major E. V. Rickenbacker, ace of American flyers during the World War; William Hard, Washington newspaper correspondent and commentator; Arthur Koehler, wood expert and famous witness of the Lind-



The nine sons of Ex-Marine Charles A. Small of Pittsburg, Kansas, won all but three of their twenty baseball games last season. Daddy, on inspiration they supplied, won a \$100 prize in the Monthly's Big Moment contest

bergh trial; Sir Wilmott Lewis, Washington correspondent of the *London Times*; Ria Ginster, internationally famous English soprano; Everett Dean Martin, professor of social philosophy; Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., whose subject is "Life in the Philippines;" James M. Beck, eminent constitutional lawyer, and Cornelia Otis Skinner, leading figure of the stage.

The Legion at Camp Perry

THE blue and gold of The American Legion supplied predominant color to the National Rifle Matches at Camp Perry in September, and as usual Legion riflemen won many



Three hundred Legionnaires wore the Legion emblem on their shooting coats in the NRA matches at Camp Perry in September and 2,000 riflemen attended a Legion rally

events in these famous matches, according to Frank J. Schneller, of Wisconsin, the Legion's National Marksmanship Director.

"On the firing points 300 Legionnaires wore the Legion emblem on the backs of their shooting coats," writes Mr. Schneller. "Off the range the Legion cap was seen everywhere. A Legion rally was attended by 2,000 riflemen. Forty Legionnaires representing Departments of all sections were members of the three national Legion teams. In competition with fifty-eight other teams, a Legion team won the Caswell Winged Trophy. In the Herrick Trophy match, the Legion team scored eighth among seventy-one entries. Harry L. Riches of Oregon won first place in the Legion individual 30-caliber match. Colorado won the Foreman Trophy in the National Department Match, with Maryland second and Illinois third. Every member of the three Legion teams has pledged himself to coach at least six juniors and to try to organize a junior team."

Legionnaires on Horses

THIS is a big American Legion and any outfit which wants to claim the distinction of being the one-and-only something or other hadn't better make any cash bets. You'll remember that we showed in this sector of the last issue a picture of the Kings County Mounted Guard of Brooklyn, New York. Well, we had a little story to go with that picture but it had to be put in the refrigerator because of lack of space. In reading the story over again just now we noticed that the Brooklyn outfit advanced the claim that it is "the only mounted organization in the Legion."

There is, it develops, at least one other outfit which won't

concede that claim. From Cleveland, Ohio, Post Scribe William R. Bryant sends word of another mounted outfit—Lakewood Mounted Troop. He doesn't call it the one-and-only, however. He simply says it has become known as "the first American Legion mounted troop in the United States." Choose your weapons, gentlemen!

To avert any possible hostilities, we cite Brooklyn's record of its first drill away back in October, 1926. The Ohio outfit records that it was organized September 1, 1931, and miraculously managed to appear in the parade at the Detroit National Convention in that year. It was in the parade at St. Louis last September also, although it had to work some more miracles to be

there. You may remember its snappy showing at the head of the Ohio division in the parade—blue Legion blouses, white Sam Browne belts, white polo breeches and nickeled steel helmets. The horses weren't its own, however. It rented them from a St. Louis riding academy. The members of the troop made the trip to St. Louis in a chartered bus, took billets in St. Louis homes near its temporary stable. What it did was typical of the work-together spirit of the Cleveland posts which landed for their city the honor of holding the 1936 national convention. The Lakewood Post outfit will see you next September.

Though the Cleveland troop is sponsored by Lakewood Post, its thirty members include men of some other posts. It is a versatile outfit. When the opera "Aida" was staged in Cleveland's mammoth municipal stadium—the one through which the national convention parade will pass next September—Lakewood

Troop appeared with their horses as Bedouins. It has done its stuff also at the National Air Races and in many horse shows. Twice it has staged horse shows of its own.

An interesting fact about Kings County Mounted Guard is that half of its sixty members are former Navy men. Brooklyn, you know, is a seaport and supplied Uncle Sam with a heavy quota of men for the battle-ships during the war. The Guard also has ten women from Brooklyn's three women posts. The Guard adopted its own uniform and wore it in the Brooklyn Memorial Day parade in 1927. It wears navy blue coats with shining gold Legion buttons, French

blue trousers with the yellow cavalry stripe at the side seams, black boots, Sam Browne belts and nickeled helmets. The outfit took part in the parade at Washington attending the inauguration of Franklin D. Roosevelt as President in 1933, and it has acted as escort for countless distinguished guests of the Legion in New York City. For several years it had its own polo team. William J. Schwarz, Guard Captain, is hoping that he can take the outfit to Cleveland next September. It appeared (*Continued on page 62*)



CARIOCA LAND *In War Time*



One way of keeping 'em down on the farm. Marines visiting a native ranch near Deer Point, Cuba, where the Ninth Regiment was stationed for the duration of the war

PERHAPS we're wrong, and if we are we hope you'll tell us. But in our old-fashioned groping to keep up with these present-day drinks and dances and catch-words, we associate carioca—the dance or the rum or both—with the neighboring republic lying off the point of Florida. We probably would have been safer had we stuck to such references as rag-time, the Charleston, the bunny-hug or the tango, but at any rate, folks, we give the designation of Carioca Land to Cuba. One assurance we have—it has a Latin connotation. The encyclopedia reassures us to the extent that the detached group of mountains that come down to the bay and give Rio de Janeiro such a picturesque setting are the Serra da Carioca. So while Brazil might correctly be Carioca Land, we're sure that the dance bearing that name crossed to our land from our neighboring island of Cuba; hence our designation.

Now that we have rather vaguely cleared up our title, let's get going. Carl L. May of Los Angeles, member of the Penal Institutions Commission of the Legion, Department of California, started it all by sending us the picture we show on this page and telling of his service with the leathernecks down on the island during the war. His letter also identifies him as a member of the great "Why Gang"—those men who served in Siberia and North Russia and Cuba and a few other places who are still wondering how their outfits happened to land in those out-of-the-way spots. But suppose we let Comrade May have the platform:

"The men who did their hitches in North Russia and Siberia aren't the only ones who are still in the dark about their service. I happened to be a member of another outfit that was almost for-

gotten—the 9th Regiment of Marines, assigned to Deer Point, Cuba, for nine months during the war, for reasons best known to the Major General Commandant. The men in the regiment often referred to our stay as being 'incarcerated' in Cuba for the duration.

"The 36th Company, of which I was a member, consisted of a hundred recruits from in and around Los Angeles, California, between the dates of April 7 and 13, 1917, on which latter date we left for Mare Island for training. Later, in June, we were transferred to San Diego and in October of the same year started for Quantico, Virginia. We believed we were on our way to France.

"The 9th Regiment to which we were assigned was sent aboard the U. S. S. *Von Steuben* and imagine our surprise when we awoke one morning to find we



were in Guantanamo Bay, Cuba. Many comrades will well remember that Christmas Day, 1917, when after embarking we had the following delicious menu for dinner: Canned salmon, hard-tack and coffee.

"We certainly did our bit in Cuba. We dug trenches, drilled, hiked and withered in the sun, and many are still trying to find out why—although many years have passed since that time.

"Perhaps some buddy will tell us about the 11th Regiment of Marines which was held in Galveston, Texas, during the war. According to rumors, in case of trouble with Mexico the two regiments were to march towards each other to curtail any warfare that might develop in that country.

"From my scrap book, I took the enclosed snapshot of a 'spick' ranch in Cuba in which a few of our gang are shown. Some of the men will probably remember our real Marine dog mascot, Popo, born at Mare Island, California, and belonging to me. I'd like to hear from those Cuba-incarcerated gyrenes. They can reach me at 803 Law Building, Los Angeles."

ASPECIAL cheer is heard from the Orderly Room of the Company Clerk when the courier from the Legion-at-large deposits upon our desk a contribution from any one of the comparatively few outfits that have not yet made their appearance in this bulletin board. Of course we have had stories from the medics and from the nurses reporting experiences in A. E. F. hospitals—field, base and evacuation—but now we learn something about another activity of that same branch of service.

We have Legionnaire Herschell R. Isom of Rural Route No. 3, Spencer, Indiana, to thank for the photograph of the hospital train and its crew which is displayed, and for this story:

"Although I am a regular reader of the Monthly, I have never seen anything written about hospital trains or the men who served on them. I served with the crew of Hospital Train No. 54, a picture of which, taken at Harreville-les-Chanteurs, Haute Marne, I enclose.

hospital, and then a train would take them from there to one farther back to keep the more advanced hospitals empty for additional patients.

"We surely did not have an easy time of it, as each medic had to take care of thirty-six patients aboard the train. We had to work in the kitchens part of the time and the patients all had to be fed. We hauled wounded of the different Allied countries and it was a problem sometimes to understand what some of them wanted—just had to go by signs. Sometimes we had one group on the train for a period of three days.

"Our train worked in the advanced sectors all the time till the Armistice was signed. We carried wounded from the Champagne-Marne, the Aisne-Marne, the Meuse-Argonne, and also from around Toul and Nancy. We made two trips while the fighting around Château-Thierry was going on and loaded 400 wounded onto our train in thirty minutes. We made two trips that one night and came out without any damage whatever. The French then gave us a white rooster—the 'Cock of Verdun'—to wear as insignia on our sleeves. This was the emblem of the Ambulance Service.

"It took us from November 11, 1918, to June, 1919, to move all the wounded out of the hospitals and to the trans-



Even foot-weary doughboys didn't invite a ride on this comfortable train. Hospital Train No. 54 hauled hundreds of wounded Americans from advanced sectors to rear-area hospitals. The picture was taken at Harreville-les-Chanteurs, Haute Marne. Were you ever a passenger?

"Our train consisted of sixteen coaches, including two kitchens, and was manned by three medical officers, three nurses, three sergeants and thirty-six enlisted men. These American trains for the wounded worked in sort of relays—one train would take a load of wounded from the front sector hospitals back to another

ports before we could come home. Just after the Armistice they sent our train to Geneva, Switzerland, to get the first load of American prisoners who had been in German camps. We went to Belfort, France, waited till midnight, then crossed the border into Switzerland and could not come back until the next midnight.



Private Fred C. Moffatt, Signal Corps, found himself in Dijon, France, almost before he shed his civvies. He is now president of the New York Curb Exchange

The prisoners surely were in bad condition and you could see they had not had much to eat.

"Another thing—we were in Pantin, a suburb of Paris, in 1918, in the railroad yards not far from a hospital where we had delivered some wounded, cleaning up our train and getting supplies, when an explosion occurred that almost threw us off our feet. It was Big Bertha shooting into Paris.

"I haven't heard from a single one of my war-time buddies since my discharge from service and I certainly hope that both they and some of the patients who rode on our train write to me."

DID you ever look over your particular gang in service and consider just what their individual jobs might have been in civil life? Do you recall meeting men in civvies when you first reported at camp, and then noticing a week or two later that some of the well-dressed men made might poor looking soldiers, while some of the shabbily-clad fellows had become the snappiest in the company? One reason for the statement that a hitch in the Army will either make or break a man. And haven't you often wondered just how some of the old wartime buddies have fared since the war?

Well, here is one who has gone places—and we'll let Frank J. Williams of New York, one of the I-knew-him-when fellows, tell about him, and probably, at the same time start a friendly dis-

cussion about records established in elapsed time between the date of signing up in service and getting on the way to the A. E. F. All right, Williams, let's go:

"The service snapshot I am enclosing shows the man who within the past year was elected President of the New York Curb Exchange which is down in Trinity Place here in New York City. Mr. Moffatt is a member of Cummings Post of the Legion in Brooklyn, New York.

"I have an idea that Mr. Moffatt holds the record in getting across to the A. E. F. in 1917. He enlisted as telegrapher in the Signal Corps at four o'clock one afternoon, reported at Camp Little Silver, New Jersey, at 12:30 that night and at four A. M. the same morning was started overseas.

"Here is an account of his experience, extracted from a copy of the *Telegraph and Telephone Age*: Born in New York City, 1889, taken to Scranton, Pennsylvania, where he went to the public schools and after his father's death, went to work as a Postal Telegraph messenger boy at fifteen years of age. In 1904 he returned to New York City and got a job as office boy for a firm of brokers, transferred to a financial house as runner and advanced to telegrapher within the year. His next move was with a firm, member of the New York Stock Exchange, in a similar position. At night, he worked as telegrapher with the Western Union Telegraph Company, handling the copy of a number of New York newspapers.

"When our country entered the war in 1917, Mr. Moffatt promptly enlisted, and I have already told of the rapidity with which he found himself headed for the A. E. F. He went over with the Second Telegraph Battalion, Signal Corps. His first assignment was building telegraph lines for the lines of communication between St. Nazaire and Chaumont. His second assignment, on detached service, was to assist in opening signal headquarters in the Hotel Méditerranée in Paris, which was then used as an A. E. F. headquarters. Later he helped to open the telegraph at Bordeaux.

"Entering the Army as a private, Mr. Moffatt rose to a sergeantcy, then became master signal electrician of his battalion, and finally received a commission. During the Meuse-Argonne Offensive he was wounded and gassed and sent to a hospital at Bordeaux. In March, 1919, he was returned to this country, spent some time in the hospital at Camp Upton and was discharged from service in May, 1919.

"In 1925, with a fellow telegrapher, William M. Spear, he organized the firm of Moffatt & Spear, members of the New York Curb Exchange. In 1929, he was appointed to the Board of Governors of the Exchange, last year he was Vice-President and has now risen to the office of President.

"The snapshot enclosed shows Moffatt at Dijon, France, in 1917, while he was helping to build the first American telegraph lines in France, from G. H. Q. at Chaumont to the coast."

Can anyone equal the speed record from civvies to the A. E. F. established by Comrade Moffatt?

ORDERS are already being issued to veterans for the march on Cleveland to the outfit reunions which will be held in conjunction with the Legion national convention in that city. The dates of the convention have been announced: September 21st to 24th. Some

of the regulars have announced their convention reunions—others will soon fall into line.

For information regarding the following Cleveland national convention reunions, write to the Legionnaires whose names and addresses are given:

(Continued on page 63)





FOR *Distinguished
Service*

The custom of presenting retiring officers with a tangible evidence of appreciation for services rendered, has become traditional in The American Legion . . . Any one of these highly coveted insignia would eloquently bespeak the gratitude of your Post . . . The wide price range and great variety makes selection easy. *Use the convenient coupon below.*

● **PRICES**

WATCH

12 size, 17 jewel Elgin adjusted movement
14-K white gold-filled case \$38.50

RING

Sterling, solid silver, 10-K emblem . . \$7.50
10-K solid gold 20.00
14-K solid gold 27.50

CHARM

Sterling, solid silver, 10-K emblem . . \$2.25
10-K solid gold 6.00
14-K solid gold 8.50

BUTTON

Sterling, solid silver, 10-K emblem . . \$2.00
10-K solid gold 3.50
14-K solid gold 4.75

BADGE

	<i>Miniature</i>	<i>Regulation</i>
Gold plated	\$.75	\$1.00
10-K solid gold	6.00	19.00
14-K solid gold	9.00	28.50

BELT AND BUCKLE

Buckle only (sterling silver) \$3.75
Belt only75
Complete ensemble 4.50

EMBLEM DIVISION, National Headquarters, American Legion
777 North Meridian Street, Indianapolis, Indiana
Please rush the following Past Officers' insignia:

1-30

☐ Check for \$..... enclosed. ☐ Ship C. O. D. for \$.....

NAME.....

STREET.....

CITY.....STATE.....

I am a member of Post No..... Dept. of.....

Back Home Again in Indiana

(Continued from page 27)

as National President of the Auxiliary. Mr. Cameron told me that "Mrs. Mucklestone's personality, her persuasive business sense and leadership were keenly appreciated by us all. We are particularly interested in Mrs. Mucklestone's new opportunities because the Legion and its Auxiliary have co-operated in the complicated problem of preventing accidents."

BASED upon her "superlative record," as Mr. Cameron referred to it, greater responsibilities were no doubt in store for her with the Council, but in 1921 through mutual friends in the Woodlawn section of Chicago where Ada had lived since moving to that city, she met Melville Mucklestone, late lieutenant, Air Service, U. S. Army, and then a young attorney whose practice was showing a healthy growth. That position in the legal profession was won by Mucklestone only through his Scotch determination and his own strenuous efforts. After finishing public schools in Waukesha, Wisconsin, his birthplace, Melville Mucklestone attended St. John's Military Academy in Delafield, Wisconsin, and then expressed the wish to study law. His father had other thoughts. One lawyer in the family, he said, was enough and he wanted this second son of his to take an agricultural course at the University of Wisconsin.

One look at Mel's pugnacious jaw will convince anyone as to who won out. At the age of 20 he set out on his own to the great Northwest where he entered the University of Washington in Seattle. While father Mucklestone may have been right in that his son would have made a good farmer, Mel proved that he would make an even better lawyer by receiving his Bachelor of Laws degree in June, 1912. During his sophomore year he was elected to Ballinger Chapter of the honor legal fraternity of Phi Delta Phi. His college fraternity is Phi Delta Theta. During his senior year he was elected to the Fir Tree Club, the Senior Honor Society.

It was during Melville Mucklestone's first year at the university that the Washington Huskies, under the coaching of Gil Dobie, arose in might and made a name for their school in football, after having failed for eighteen years to win a West Coast championship. That victory in 1908 was followed by six successive years as champion in the far West, and a mainstay on the teams of 1909, 1910 and 1911 was none other than "Muck," as he was called. His fame is still known in Washington State and in 1911 Walter Camp, who had previously not paid much attention to players on the West Coast, chose Mucklestone for

his All-Northwestern team. At the same time, Stevens "Monty" Thorpe, a football authority on the Coast, nominated him in his All-Time-All-Star Pacific Coast Football Eleven, as half-back. Mucklestone tells that in one of the games in which he played, Jimmy Phelan, now coach of his Alma Mater, saw his first football game between Washington and Oregon at the Multnomah Club field, by crawling under the fence.

Following his graduation, young Attorney Mucklestone took a year of post graduate work at Columbia University in New York City, and then returned to Seattle, where he hung out his shingle. He continued his practice until in November of 1917, when in line with thousands of other young Americans, he enlisted in the service. The Air Service was his choice and he was sent to the ground school at the University of Texas at Austin, and from there to Love Field, near Dallas, where he was commissioned as a Flying Lieutenant. His assignment was to the 16th Aero Squadron. Transferred to Langley Field, Virginia, Lieutenant Mucklestone was offered an instructorship but with hopes of being sent overseas, refused it. But he was not to see active fighting. In October, 1918, he was returned to Talliaferro Field in Texas, and there received his discharge from service in January, 1919, retaining a commission in the Air Corps Reserve. Both of his brothers were in service, the elder having joined the Canadian Army in 1915 and while with the Canadian Engineers was in the first enemy gas attack. The younger served as a major in the Marine Corps.

A year was spent in the oil business in Texas and while he was in the South he first joined the newly organized veterans' association, The American Legion, in 1919, in Shreveport, Louisiana. Instead of returning to Seattle, to which city his family had followed him, he went to Chicago and there resumed his practice of law in which he is still engaged. He is a member of the Chicago Bar Association, the State Bar Association, and of the Masons and the Scottish Rite. In 1927, he accepted a commission in the Illinois National Guard and served in the 108th Observation Squadron of the Air Corps until 1930.

THAT meeting of Melville Mucklestone and Ada in Woodlawn spelled within a short time, as I have suggested, the end of her business career. Following their marriage they established their home in Woodlawn and still reside on the South Side of Chicago. Upon his return from the South in 1920, Mr. Mucklestone had joined Woodlawn Post of the Legion and has had continuous membership

in it. In 1921 and 1923, he served as Post Commander and since that time has kept his active interest by serving as representative to the Cook County Council and in other capacities.

Ada Mucklestone joined the Woodlawn Unit of the Auxiliary at once and has had continuous active service. She assisted in reorganizing the unit in 1925 and was instrumental in furthering its growth. I have already told of her service as Secretary and President of the Cook County Council and her subsequent term as Unit President. While almost her entire time has been devoted to the Auxiliary, she has found time to serve for two years on the Board of Directors of The Women's Chicago Beautiful Association, a similar period on the Advisory Committee of the "Paul Revere," an organization for combating subversive movements, and was active in the Harvester's Woman's Club. During the war, Mrs. Mucklestone had contributed to Red Cross work and to the sale of Liberty Bonds.

WHEN Ada Mucklestone completed her year as President of the Cook County Council, she retired to the ranks, modestly deciding that her service in official Auxiliary capacities had ended. Her work however, in her Unit continued. In the following year, 1930, the great utility organizations of the metropolitan area of Chicago started a campaign to sell the attractions and residential advantages of their section to the women of the Middle West, through the Outing and Recreation Bureau. Mrs. Mucklestone was impressed into service as director of the woman's division.

No doubt Mr. C. Edw. Thorney, Assistant Public Relations Officer of the Chicago Rapid Transit Company, can better tell of the wide scope of this work undertaken by Mrs. Mucklestone and of her success in it, than I can. Suppose, then, we listen to Mr. Thorney: "Mrs. Mucklestone's job was a big one, requiring a knowledge of just about everything that relates to civic, artistic, cultural, home-making and unusual features of a 100-mile area surrounding Chicago.

"But 'knowing the answers' was not all. It was necessary to show these things to people so easily, combined with interesting authoritative explanations, that they would not only want to see them but would become persistent boosters. Volumes could be written of the great amount of research, planning, public speaking, illustrated lectures, radio programs and advertising effort that Mrs. Mucklestone was obliged to develop to make this campaign of 'Selling Chicago' a success—and that it was a success

is clearly indicated by the fact that within less than two years after the woman's division of the Bureau, supervised by Mrs. Mucklestone, had been opened, nearly three-quarters of a million people had taken advantage of its services.

"I have worked with Mrs. Mucklestone. I have seen her admirably acquit herself under virtually an all-day barrage of questions ranging from 'Where can I leave the baby while I go downtown shopping?' to 'Can you tell me where in Chicago I can find a replica of the gates of St. Mark's of Venice?'"

"I have heard Mrs. Mucklestone bring applause and commendation from audiences before whom she frequently presented in colorful and vivid terms a story of architectural art reproductions, or perhaps the splendid work being performed by some group of unselfish women in one of Chicago's social centers.

"It is not surprising to me that she was selected as National President of The American Legion Auxiliary. She has the personality, understanding and leadership that is so essential for the continued progress of any organization."

As it developed, Ada Mucklestone's service to the Auxiliary was to continue to far greater heights. The year after her work as director of the Woman's Division of the Outing and Recreation Bureau began, she was elected Second Vice President of the Department of Illinois and served as its National Defense Chairman. In that same year of 1931, she was also President of Woodlawn Unit, and Americanism Chairman for the Central Division of the national organization. The next year, she advanced to First Vice President of her Department, continued as National Defense Chairman, and was chairman of the important Rules Committee of the Auxiliary National Convention in Portland, Oregon. She became also a member of the National Speakers' Bureau. National attention was being paid to Ada Mucklestone.

During her term as Department National Defense Chairman, the Auxiliary of Illinois raised a fund for the construction of an athletic field for the use of the C. M. T. C. men at Fort Sheridan. Again under the inspired direction of Ada Mucklestone, the following year the Auxiliary made it possible financially for seventeen boys to attend the summer camp of the R. O. T. C. She is considered an authority on National Defense subjects and at the end of January will serve as First Vice Chairman of the National Defense Conference in Washington, D. C.

In 1933, the year of the National Convention in Chicago, Mrs. Mucklestone was President of her Department and as such was official hostess to all of the Auxiliary women who attended the convention, serving also on the Convention Committee. It was in this same year that she was Vice Chairman of the Auxiliary's (Continued on page 40)



MAN, oh man, are they willing to go over the top for Seagram's!

And, man, oh man, have Seagram's sales gone over the top! From the moment that the first bottle was tasted, wave after wave swarmed over to better taste. In sixty days Crown Whiskies were first in sales.

And today, Crown Whiskies remain America's Favorites. In state after state, in post after post, they're leading the taste parade. And no wonder! Seagram has been distilling and blending fine whiskies since before the Civil War. Seagram holds a vast treasure of fine rare whiskies. All of this experience . . . all of these vast stocks . . . combine to make a taste that can't be matched.

And, best of all, the price of Seagram's doesn't leave a shell-hole in your bank-roll. For old-times sake . . . for good-times sake . . . get a bottle of Seagram's today.



Seagram's Crown Whiskies
Blended the Seagram Way
Say Seagram's and be Sure

Seagram-Distillers Corp.—Distillery: Lawrenceburg, Ind.—Executive Offices: New York

Back Home Again in Indiana

(Continued from page 39)

National Legislative Committee, from which office she proceeded the following year to the Chairmanship, while at the same time representing Illinois on the National Executive Committee. Well-deserved honors were coming to Ada Mucklestone in full force. During this past year, preceding her election as National President, she continued on the National Legislative Committee as Vice Chairman. Her work in the important legislative position has received the highest commendation.

All these duties and all these honors notwithstanding, Ada Mucklestone has not failed one single year to participate in the annual Poppy Sale of her Unit. It is her hope, if official engagements permit, to be on the job again this year. This is in keeping with the interest she has shown in all veterans and particularly in the patients in the seventeen veterans' hospitals within her State.

As she has consistently devoted all of her time to Auxiliary work since she first became a member, Ada has had little time for other interests. She enjoys the theater and concerts, she plays contract

occasionally, but there is little time even for these relaxations. This will be true particularly during 1936 when her duties as National President will carry her throughout the country on her visits to Auxiliary Departments and on other official business.

Melville Mucklestone was frank in stating what he thought about Ada's election to the high office she holds. He said to me, "I know that Ada is fitted for the position not only through the devotion she has given to the Auxiliary but because of her natural ability as a leader. When she became a candidate I told her there was always a possibility of defeat, but that if she failed to be elected, it would be a greater loss to the Auxiliary than to her personally."

There can probably be no higher praise received than that from the "home folks." You all know the biblical statement that a prophet is not without honor save in his own country. Well, suppose we listen to Mrs. Paul L. Pierson, President of the Associated Clubs of Woodlawn, right in Ada's home town: "May I extend congratulations to The American Legion

and to The American Legion Auxiliary for the recent election of Mrs. Melville Mucklestone to the National Presidency of The American Legion Auxiliary.

"Mrs. Mucklestone is a dynamic, inspirational speaker, always drawing capacity houses. I have been privileged to present her on various programs of Federated Women's organizations and recently before the Associated Clubs of Woodlawn. Each time the audience has manifested a unanimous endorsement of her message which always dealt with some phase of The American Legion Auxiliary, and of our war veterans.

"I am certain that the success of The American Legion Auxiliary will continue to grow with increasing proportions under the national leadership of one so versatile, understanding and capable."

Need I say more?—except to say that we of the Legion who know Ada Mucklestone are honored that the congratulations included the Legion as well as the Auxiliary. Because I feel that Ada Mucklestone's year as National President will reflect as much glory upon the Legion as it will on her own organization.

Our Neighbor Moves Away

(Continued from page 3)

best; as realists, we fear for the worst.

From our side of the street, day after day, we saw with distress the preparations for the moving. The curtains go down, empty boxes are brought in for the packing, workmen are about. Various truckloads of small impedimenta set out for the lake in advance of the main heft; and then a morning arrives when two covered vans draw up for the real moving. It is like a funeral.

What it means to pack one's household possessions, the accumulations of a lifetime, and move! Some of them just can not be entrusted to hired packers. There are prized belongings which only the owners can wrap and crate or put into barrels. The china, the walnut table, the parchment shades—

"Don't get the habit," our departing neighbors admonished us, "of saving everything that comes into the house. Else the time will come when you will be buried under a tyranny of things. Have a downright housecleaning, a giving away and a destroying, every few years. This upheaval has brought to light dozens of boxes of we-don't-know-what-ourselves that we'd never opened since the last moving or the one before that, boxes we'd stored in the attic and never had occasion to look into. Now we don't dare to destroy them without knowing

what's in 'em, and we haven't time to find out."

I like to think that when a family has lived in a house in such way that it has become a home, when great events have taken place there—births, marriages, deaths—that house partakes of those experiences and acquires from them vibratory tones all its own. Ever after it sounds harmonies when touched by the right fingers, footfalls, voices. The Lucknow place was early the scene of the wedding of a niece. Followed, in conventional order, appearances about the premises of certain youngsters. Will Patty, grown up, have forgotten her birthday party, when four, on the Lucknow lawn? There was a time, too, of an unwonted silence over the way, an interval in which hospital and surgeons figured. Then Neighbor Lucknow came home to convalesce—a tall, spare ghost who took it easy in the house and received callers in robe and slippers.

From our side of the street we could see him lying on the couch in the south sun-room, could see his good bald head, that is, or his hands raised in holding book or newspaper. It was a comforting sight. Each day, seeing him so, we knew that he was a little stronger and was fighting a good fight.

While aspiring to be good neighbors

ourselves, we do not insist upon it nor make a fetish of it. We try to keep from seeming to work at it. Deliver us from the obtrusive neighbor! Or the effusive one. So from our mere looking out went an unvoiced sympathy that was a pulling for recovery. When he was up and around again, regaining his old strength, showing his wonted nimbleness with tools or ladder, there was still a new seriousness that comes to men who have stood on the rim of the valley and looked down into its shadow. He kept on quoting poetry to us, holidays and other days—and how well that man recites poetry—but one could see little marks suggesting that life, after all, is a grim business.

Grim, did I say? Sharing the funny side of life is a part of good neighboring. Only the other day he came over to tell us of a home adventure. He had just found a couple of large spikes on top of a shelf in his basement. Didn't know how they got there. But, having a strain of Scot in him (as he is fond of telling, by way of explanation) and not wanting those spikes to go to waste, he had driven them, flush, into one of the basement posts.

But as to the family that will move into his vacated house. We on our side are living over again the interest of nine years ago in our concern as to the pros-

pects who come to look at the property. How we size them up! Strangers in the Lucknow yard, especially if a man and a woman together, will draw us all to a window. Behind a curtain we eye them, critically but hopefully. Do they act like home lovers? Are they looking for a house merely, a shelter, a place in front of which to park the car—or for a home? Do they view the house from various angles and distances? Have they a tape-measure along? Do the same prospects come again and again, at different times, morning, afternoon, night? Are they in a hurry to go, or do they linger?

Unfair as it may be, we shall be prone to judge the newcoming neighbor in the light of those perfect ones we have lost. How many are in the family? Ages, sex, interests? Will their pets, cars, radios, be properly trained and curbed? Will they be stay-at-homes or night-hawks? Will they keep up their yard? Will they be considerate of their neighbors? (Of us, to be exact—anywise as considerate as we mean to be of them?) Comes to mind, probably not in the precise wording, a pat observation by the Richard Burton of our time—poet, essayist, inspiring teacher: "How can you love your neighbor when on one side the boy is bouncing his ball against your house and on the other the dog is resting in your flower-bed?"

Will the new neighbor honk his car for mother to come out—and quick, too? Will the new neighbor's daughter's young man honk his car for her? The Lucknows never honked; they never even tooted. Will the new neighbors slam the car door to wake the dead when getting home or leaving at one A.M.? The Lucknows never slammed their car door at any hour. Somehow—this is truly remarkable, ranking them with Columbus—they had discovered that a car door can be closed fully, tightly, without slamming it, and that too in the dead stillness of night as well as in bright day. Or had they a special make of car door, different from all other makes?

When they had an evening party, their guests simply melted away at the close. No loud talking at the curb in farewells; no banging of car doors; no grinding of brakes; no honking to signalize departure. If there is something in the old saying that you are known by the company you keep, it may be as true that the company you keep may be known by you.

Possibly, after all, neighborliness consists mostly in a state of mind. We can well believe that these relations, these significances, may not have been such to our late neighbors. They might be surprised, even embarrassed, to know what we thought of them. Is the Sage of Concord right? "We walk alone in the world. Neighbors"—only he says "Friends"—"such as we desire are dreams and fables." Still are we ready to welcome the coming, as we sped the parting neighbor, for better or for worse.

But our fingers are crossed.

STEP UP, MEN, AND HEAR ABOUT THE FAIREST OFFER EVER MADE TO PIPE SMOKERS ANYWHERE



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Unusual You-Must-Be-Pleased Plan Earns Instant Acceptance!

Here's the most attractive offer, we believe, that's been made to pipe smokers.

What you do—Simply go to your dealer and get Prince Albert. Smoke 20 pipefuls. If you don't say you've had the best pipe smokin' ever, the makers of Prince Albert will return full purchase price, plus postage, just as the offer says.

What to expect—We know that in Prince Albert we've got the quality—the taste and aroma—that men are

looking for. Men who have tried Prince Albert are satisfied with no other brand.

So now we ask that you, too, try Prince Albert under our positive you-must-be-pleased guarantee. Note the special "crimp cut." It makes Prince Albert cool, mild, and long-burning.

Prince Albert is packed right—in tin. And you are assured of your full money's worth in the big 2-ounce economy tin of Prince Albert... around 50 pipefuls. So start today to smoke Prince Albert.

OUR OFFER TO PIPE SMOKERS

Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage.

(Signed) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina.

50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every 2-ounce tin of Prince Albert



PRINCE ALBERT *the national joy smoke!*

Their Big Moments

(Continued from page 15)

when they took me to the morgue. Then I finally succeeded in showing some signs of life and was returned to the hospital post haste, where before long I was able to go back to my company.

Well, I'll never forget that moment, a real big moment, hearing myself pronounced dead and yet knowing there was life and hope.—F. H. FLOWERS, *Whittier, California*.

\$10 Prize

BEYOND THE CALL OF DUTY

IT HAPPENED in the Argonne Forest on the cold morning of November 1, 1918, near Remonville. My outfit, Company D, 354th Infantry, 89th Division, was forming the assaulting wave against the enemy and I was assigned to the second wave in the support position.

My orders were to herd all prisoners of war in formation and start them toward the rear. About 8 A.M. I caught up with the assaulting wave.

Upon learning that the delay was caused by the fire of six machine guns, something seemed to force me toward their position. Working to the left obliquely, I was in a position where the works had to be shot. Throwing my two grenades into their left flank I charged and drove the enemy to destruction.

The big moment of my life came when my Company Commander, Captain Farmer Kelly, and buddies came charging into the woods and extended their hands in congratulations. Not until then did I realize the odds that had been against me. This moment with the captain's recommendation made me the proud holder of the Congressional Medal of Honor.—ARTHUR FORREST, *Jefferson City, Missouri*.

\$10 Prize

A DANGEROUS DETAIL

I WAS working with a bridge building detail from B Company, 27th Regiment Engineers at St. Juvin in the Argonne. Someone said, "Gregory, do you want to take a chance?" "Yes, I'm always taking chances anyway." It was Captain Ward Royce, who was very democratic around work, an engineer who knew every one of us by name, but a strict officer in infantry drill.

"You are a powder man, Gregory?"

"Yes, I have handled powder for years."

"All right. Get a buddy and report to Lieutenant Jenkins for dangerous service, but be careful."

I reported to Lieutenant Jenkins with a partner from Utah. We found out that the detail was to remove unexploded shells, duds, hand grenades and other

pieces of ordnance from field hospital grounds.

The first job was an unexploded six-inch shell in a shellhole with a wire fence and three red flags around it. We studied what to do with it. I stepped over the wire fence and heard someone yell, "Hey, get away from there!" I looked around and saw a Medical captain hollering and waving his arms. I stepped down into the hole, paying no attention to him. He ran over then and noticed our lieutenant's shoulder straps. "Excuse me," he said, "but I didn't know anyone was in charge of these men. I wouldn't touch that shell for \$5000." "I'm not a damn bit afraid of that shell," I said, repaying him for hollering at me. I ran my hand under and around to see that no wires were connected then I picked the shell up under my arm and carried it down and eased it into a small river.—WILLIAM E. GREGORY, *McMechen, West Virginia*.

\$10 Prize

IT WORKED TOO WELL

WE OF the Second Balloon Company, closely following the advance of the doughboys through the hurriedly evacuated sections of the Champagne-Marne Offensive, had accumulated quite a batch of German machine guns and automatic rifles. These, added to our regular equipment of six Hotchkiss machine guns and two Chauchat automatics, made us quite a formidable adversary to any Boche airmen.

One bright, sunny day, early in August, found us operating from Le Cruaux Farm, near Chéry-Chartreuve, the visibility perfect, the accuracy of the artillery likewise, thanks to the splendid adjustment and regulation of fire by our observers.

The Jerries, not appreciating our efforts, dispatched several Fokkers to do us out of a gas-bag and incidentally blind the artillery. Our observer jumped safely and we had little or no trouble driving off the planes. Not easily discouraged, they returned—this time increased to twelve planes, flying in ladder formation, the leader nosing down for the "sausage," its machine guns spouting a stream of incendiary bullets, while the rest of the pack dove, strafing us on the ground.

It was our Big Moment—out came our battlefield collection, every man with some sort of an automatic weapon—what a barrage! The planes were literally torn to shreds. They turned tail and made for Bocheland.

The souvenirs had saved the balloon—but how—it had more holes than a Swiss cheese. Orders were issued—no more souvenir barrages. The observers didn't trust our aim!—CRAIG S. HERBERT, *Philadelphia, Pennsylvania*.

\$10 Prize

HE MADE GOOD

THERE was a call to the colors in April, 1917. The United States had entered the World War and many were offering themselves to their country.

As a recruiting officer, I came in contact with men from all walks of life. As we were drilling I took particular notice of one lad with a marked military bearing. I watched him closely, then questioned him as to where he had received his training. He said he hadn't had any. Approaching him again on the subject later on, he finally reluctantly and shamefacedly confessed he had been trained at the State Reform School. I told him there was a chance for him to make good, providing he manifested a desire to go straight. Never have I seen a more grateful look on a person's face. Very soon he became a corporal. At that time he grasped my hand and told me he had never before been kindly treated or trusted since he left the institution. He said, "You won't be sorry you did this for me." Later he was promoted to a sergeancy.

After the Armistice was signed, someone called me by name as I walked down the street. I recognized my friend who had been given a chance. He proudly showed me his honorable discharge from the United States Army and said, "Did I not say you would never be sorry for what you did for me?"

That was my biggest moment.—O. S. HOLADAY, *Hawarden, Iowa*.

\$10 Prize

A JOB AT LAST

BEING out of work is no joke, as many a veteran can testify, and to me with a wife and two sons it began, after months of fruitless effort, to assume the proportions of a major catastrophe. I made it a point to call on every employer in my line of work regularly each week. I tried selling various items on commission with little or no success.

Of course, I had some F. E. R. A. work and thanks to the local veterans' initiative we have a garden of over 200 acres and a woodyard where any ex-service man can secure vegetables and wood in exchange for labor to carry on the project. But still that is not a steady job and with winter coming on I began literally to chew my fingernails.

Last Monday, as usual, I made the rounds and received the usual answers, with the exception of one place. There I was told that they were thinking of increasing their force and if I'd wait until the manager returned from lunch I might talk it over with him.

The next thirty minutes seemed endless, but finally I was admitted to his office. I gave my qualifications and when I heard the words, "You're hired," I experienced my big moment.—E. J. LITTLE, Portland, Oregon.

\$10 Prize
SHOOT IF YOU MUST!

ALL this talk about officers that poke their gats at their own men—what about it?

Well, there was a looey named McKeogh—"Hippety-Hop," for short—adjutant of "Galloping Charlie" Whittlesey's battalion, 308th Infantry. The outfit was three days deep in the Argonne one night with liaison so lousy that they take a squared formation. The looey plants his sentries all according to textbook, especially instructing the northerly left flank sentry that beyond lies "Germany."

Around four o'clock "Hippety" is wakened—by the noisy quiet. He decides to check on that ticklish left flank—to find the sentry profoundly asleep!

Right here a story-book officer flourishes his rusty Colt and perforates the wretch liberally. Asleep on outpost! Death is preferable! Oh, say can you see!

"Hippety" shakes the sentry and wastes his satire with: "How's for keeping awake?"

"Okay by me!" says the sentry cheerfully—a fresh replacement from Minneapolis.

Next day Fritz enfiltrates at the rear. The adjutant and two runners are ordered back to regimental P. C. with an important message. That night they contact a strong German position.

"Bist du Deutsch?"—the challenge.

Adjutant and runners flatten as leaden "birdies" chirp close.

"We'll stay here," he whispers, "till they think we're gone."

Then—shades of Army Regulations!—the officer falls hilariously asleep. For a whole hour! While the runners think he's lying doggo.

What does an enlisted man do with such a guy? Well, he crawls alongside and gently pounds the thigh of his superior officer.—ARTHUR McKEOGH, *New York City*.

\$10 Prize
THANKS TO FRENCH MUD

OUT of Gondrecourt, winding away through Commercy, across the St. Mihiel Sector and far into the Argonne used to run the American narrow gauge railway. One day in late September of 1918 I left Gondrecourt at the throttle of a new Baldwin locomotive, pulling a train of ammunition destined for the Argonne Forest.

In the St. Mihiel Sector a stretch of narrow gauge railway had been made by moving one rail of an old French meter gauge road. This (Continued on page 44)



I've had a fortune spent on my face

by John B. Kennedy, *Editor—Radio Commentator*

MY FACE isn't my fortune—that's certain—but there's a factory in Boston where they've spent a fortune on my face and yours. I flew over to Boston for this story—visited the Gillette Safety Razor Company where they make razor blades with the scientific accuracy and sanitary care I thought limited to only the most delicate surgical instruments.

Yes, Gillette has spent millions in developing equipment to produce and test the



Gillette Blade. I watched every step in its manufacture—saw it enter the process as part of a huge coil of strip steel, until it emerged as one of a family of five or ten blades in the familiar Gillette package. I was tremendously impressed. My conception of razor blade manufacture was completely changed.

Before I get technical, let me explain that as a veteran reporter I have inspected many factories and manufacturing processes. Yet the intricate detail and intense supervision of each Gillette operation made even my hard-bitten mind marvel. As we approached the hardening room in my tour of the factory I had a vision of grimy men sweating before fiery furnaces. But what a surprise! Why, the place might have been an air-cooled office. It was clean—without odor. Here 18 electrically controlled and operated furnaces, the like of which

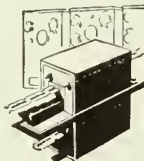
you've never seen—hardened Gillette steel to perfection. Midway on each furnace is a little black box—a truly magical box. In it is a bellwether strip of steel—exactly correct in hardness for the manufacture of the Gillette Blade.



Through magnetic control—this master strip automatically regulates the temperature of the furnace so that the steel passing through is tempered to the identical hardness of the master strip. That's an untechnical way of explaining a process so marvelously skillful that its scientific description would fill a library.

And that's only one of many processes that made a lasting impression on me. The blades are honed by the sweetest process I have ever seen. Conveyed through whirling cycles of abrasive wheels and leather—they come out the sharpest, cleanest-shaving blades that science can produce.

I could enumerate a half-dozen or more operations that would amaze you; but having seen a blade start as raw, cold-rolled steel, and finally emerge with edges so sharp the human eye cannot see them, and so hard that they can actually cut glass—I'm more impressed with results. I'm impressed with the fact that the Gillette Blade has the shaving edges for any man who is particular about his face.



In view of these facts—impartially recorded by a trained observer—how can any man accept a substitute. It pays to ask for Gillette Blades and insist on getting them.

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR COMPANY, BOSTON, MASS.

Their Big Moments

(Continued from page 43)

bit of track, being heavy rail and good road bed was a speedway for the dinkies of the narrow gauge. When I struck this piece of track I pulled the throttle open and set out for a fast ten-mile ride.

Suddenly we heard, unmistakably, the crash of a German shell near by, then another and another. To stop was useless. We rushed on, my eyes fixed on the shining rails ahead. About two hundred yards ahead a shell landed. Earth, ties and rails went skyward. I jammed on the brakes; the lead trucks left the rails. The engine swayed and tipped. My fireman leaped far out into the air. I tried to jump but the tipping engine brought the cab roof in front of my face. The engine went completely over and lay with its wheels in the air. The fire box door flopped open, dumping a quantity of fire into the cab. My greasy overalls immediately caught fire. And I, with my clothing in flames, crawled out of that cab, lay on the ground and rolled over and over until the fire went out.

Thanks to the mud of France.—NORMAN A. McMEEKIN, *Woodsville, New Hampshire.*

\$10 Prize

THE LAST LETTER

DID you ever put everything you had on the ball into the composition of one letter; then hope—even with the odds 1000 to 1 against you—that the letter would be delivered in time?

Late September, 1918. First Corps School, Gondrecourt, France . . . A sergeant in a Y hut, penning a long letter to his kid brother, over there somewhere, too. The latter among the first 50,000 American troops in France. The brothers hoped to see each other; tried their best—but Fate decreed otherwise.

Much to say, in that letter. Much that had been left unsaid before. You know! Action made us think as we never thought before. Things were written that had never been spoken—probably never would have been spoken!

The letter completed, dropped in the box; the writer ordered back to his Division for the Meuse-Argonne Offensive.

Later: Word from the C. O. of B Company, 9th Infantry, advising that the Kid Brother (Top Cutter, then) was K. I. A. near what had been Beaumont, Ardennes. Had that letter reached him in time?

Months later: Effects found on the kid brother's body delivered to parents in Seattle, a few photographs, a newspaper clipping, comb, trench mirror, locket . . . and a letter. The letter was the one written at Gondrecourt. The writer of the letter was I; the recipient my kid

brother.—LLOYD H. MACMORRAN, *Los Angeles, California.*

\$10 Prize

SAFE AND SOUND

IT HAPPENED in 1927, the year that remains so vividly in the minds of many people, when overflow waters covered land that had never been inundated before. I lived on a farm in North Louisiana with my husband and our only child, Sonny-Boy—five years old.

On the fourth day of May the water began taking our farm very rapidly. My husband with others was busy driving livestock to safe places while I with Sonny-Boy had gone to my mother-in-law's, who lived next door to us.

My mother-in-law told Sonny-Boy that his auntie had left a pet goat where she was moving from and she knew it would drown before they came back for it. After awhile someone asked where was Sonny-Boy and no one remembered seeing him since we'd talked about the goat.

We all began calling him, with no answer. Naturally our first thoughts were that he had tried to wade the water, which was several feet deep, to where the goat was.

I ran to the edge of the water several times looking for his little tracks for I could believe nothing but that my baby was in that awful water. After what seemed hours to me, but was really only about thirty minutes, someone called me and when I got there I saw my baby sitting in the road with his little hands building himself a "sand levee." That was the one big moment of my life.—MRS. ARMOR MOORE, *Girard, Louisiana.*

\$10 Prize

AN UNEXPECTED FLIGHT

IT'S a small three-cylinder "pusher" type of ship and its wingspread assures it being practically fool-proof. My cousin owns and flies it and now and then I warm up the motor. But I'd never handled a ship off the ground.

We trundled the plane from the hangar with the unasked assistance of a half dozen kids and I climbed into the cockpit to manipulate the gas and switch while Happy turned her over. Two of the kids were commandeered to pull out the chocks at the signal of a raised arm.

She caught and sputtered and droned into a steady roar. After about three minutes I noticed that the temperature was high enough to "rev her up." Seeing Happy just coming out of the hangar door I let him know by signals that the motor was warm enough. He gave me a signal I understood to mean "You do it"—and here is where I made my first mistake—

I waved my arm in acquiescence. Unhappily our two young assistants who were standing one on each side with a chock rope in hand, took my raised arm as a sign to pull out the chocks. Simultaneously, I gave her the gun. My mind went blank as I found myself riding over the ground with increasing speed. With the stick held in neutral the tail had already lifted. Instinctively I pulled back on the stick. Naturally I went up, got up to 200 feet. And I got down, too, though I'll never understand how I landed all in one piece.—BRADFORD MURDOCK, *Gardner, Massachusetts.*

\$10 Prize

HORSES FREE? OH, YEAH!

MY WIFE and I were stopping at a little town bordering on the Great American Desert in southern Utah. We were told that it was possible to capture a colt from bands of wild horses roaming the desert some sixty miles to the west of us. We started our search mounted on a trusty Model T Ford. Sighting a band of horses on a large barren, smooth as cement, we immediately gave chase. On nearing them we saw a beautiful colt following his mother at full speed and being urged on by a black stallion who stayed between us and his band. The colt tired and fell back, so we drove up to him and, while my wife took the wheel, I jumped out and encircled his neck with my arms.

We were overjoyed at our prize but, just at that moment, we heard the thud of pounding hoofs and saw, charging down on us, the black stallion in all his fury. I released the colt and dashed wildly for the car. The stallion, never slackening his pace, dove straight at us. He leaped over the hood and his head drove with a resounding crash into the windshield. For a few moments I stood staring out at the wreckage. The stallion was lying helpless on the ground and my wife had slumped down into the seat. Blood was streaming down her face and a terrible new fear crept over me. After frantically working over her she revived and to my great joy I found that while her face was cut in countless places from the flying glass, the wounds were not serious. We were forced to shoot the gallant stallion, whose leg was broken.—N. GLEN NEELEY, *Tremonton, Utah.*

\$10 Prize

THE MAJOR DIDN'T QUIT

AT FORT McHenry, Baltimore, in 1922, Major A. J. Campbell established an osteomyelitis clinic and prepared to operate on a dozen of us. We all swore by the major, a fine surgeon who

wore a wound stripe. I had got mine in the right thigh on Hill 281, Verdun, and many operations had failed to heal it. Posted for an operation, I asked the major to go the limit in cleaning it up. The next morning I lay on the operating table before him. He said, "Are you all set, Pat?" I replied, "Let's go, major."

Then followed the hated ether, the voices trailing off in the distance, my heart pounding so that it seemed it would burst, then the gong.

When I awoke Henry Oates, in the bed next to me, after asking how I felt said, "Hell, Pat, you passed out—dead as a doorknob. The major's been working on you for a couple of hours." Next day I got the story. After leaving the operating room I suddenly went west and they called the major. When he started to work there was no life apparent. Did the major stand back? He did not. He fought like a madman and finally got a flutter, kept up the battle, and won. Thanks to him I'm alive today.—HARRY C. PATTERSON, Barton, Maryland.

\$10 Prize

OVER THE BOUNDING MAIN

IT WAS a beautiful day in June, 1918. We were out patrolling for submarines in a four-man French type dirigible over the Bay of Biscay. We suddenly felt ourselves losing height at one thousand feet. We surmised the trouble was on the extreme top of the bag.

Immediately Ensign Burnham nosed the ship homeward, wide open at seventy-five per. Slowly but surely we were settling. After thirty minutes of tension the outline of the shore hove in sight. Boy, it looked good, but still looked like a million miles when comparing distances downward. Still lower. Five hundred feet. On we sailed. Burnham dropped both bombs. Six hundred pounds lighter. Checked the descent only slightly. Burnham yells, "Over with the tool box, flying suits, everything." Even my radio went over. Still we crept lower. At last the shore shrubbery zoomed in sight. Looked like a smack right into it but over we sailed, on inland, with twenty-five miles yet to go. Here's the big moment. Expected any second to ram smack into a peasant's house and scatter the chickens and dishes. But we were again lucky. Finally, here's the landing field and home. We drifted and settled smack into six hundred outstretched paws of the ground crew.

Investigation afterward showed a two-foot tear at the top of the bag which let the gas escape.—JOHN W. STEPENSKI, Papillion, Nebraska.

\$10 Prize

BOTH GOT THEIRS

I WAS a member of the Fifth Marines in the Argonne and was detailed to sniping duty one day. I was seated in the branches of a (Continued on page 46)



Dear Dad:

I've just found out I can save a wad of money by cutting out my special mixture pipe tobacco. You learn things fast here at college. Please send me an extra \$5 next week.

Affectionately, *Bob*



Dear Son:

Your logic is bad. You say you're saving money but want more. How come?

Dear Dad:

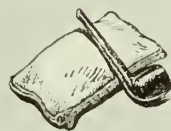
I need the five to pay a debt. I bet my roommate that the Dean's pipe mixture cost more than mine. I was judging by its fragrance and mildness. Did my eyes pop when the Dean pulled out a tin of Union Leader! Imagine a tobacco like that for 10¢!

Affectionately, *Bob*

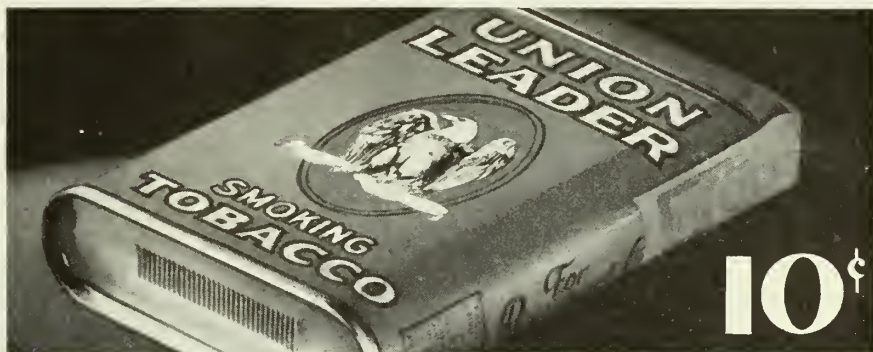
Dear Son:

I don't have to imagine it; I smoke it. And now that you've taught your nose to appreciate Union Leader's aroma, you can start teaching your own pocketbook how to pay that \$5 you owe.

Dad



UNION LEADER



THE GREAT AMERICAN SMOKE

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LIGHT up a bowlful of Union Leader. Compare it with the most expensive pipe mixture you can buy, beg or borrow. Its mild, old Kentucky Burley tobacco gives you a cooler, mellower smoke . . . fragrant and friendly.

Then jot down the price of a full

size tin of Union Leader. That's 10¢. Divide that by the 25 or more pipefuls in every package, and you've got the answer why Union Leader is gaining more customers every day than any other smoking tobacco in America. (And Union Leader's great for cigarettes, too!)

Their Big Moments

(Continued from page 45)

tree and could see some of the enemy and began taking pot shots at them. Evidently they were not pleased for presently "ping" and after an interval another "ping"—the bullets began clipping off the bark of the tree and several shots went through the edges of my clothes. I finally found my opponent was a German poised in another tree about 600 yards away. I took a shot at him and he returned the compliment. I could see my shots knocking some pieces of tree away at the edges and his were coming too close for comfort. He could not get down and while I would have been glad to call it off, thought I had better stay. I was treed for two or three hours. Talk about poker sweats—I had all kinds.

The Jerry finally got a little careless about exposing himself and I let go with another shot just as he was getting a bead on me. He fell out of the tree and just then everything went black for me. I awoke in a first-aid dressing station with a bandage around my head and a splint on my arm. A small fragment of shell had hit the tree and caromed, striking me on the forehead and splitting my face open from temple to jaw as clean as with a knife.

While the scar is slowly disappearing, to this day I carry a thin red line down the left side of my face which might have been drawn with the aid of a ruler. One-quarter inch more and I would not be writing this story.—ALVIN T. TAYLOR, Greensburg, Pennsylvania.

\$10 Prize THE MEETING

BIG MOMENTS sometimes come in pairs. At least in my case they did.

Five o'clock on an early spring morning of 1908 and I stood on the platform of the old B. & M. in a Massachusetts town awaiting the first train from Boston. My father had purchased a bicycle for me the day before and I was on hand to receive it.

The train arrived. On the end was a private car, and as I watched, a figure emerged from the car to the observation platform. It was Teddy Roosevelt, the boys' idol of the day. He said:

"How are you, sonny? What's your name?" I told him—in full. "You must be about eight years old," he continued. "Nine," I corrected. "Well, well," he spoke enthusiastically, "I have a little boy just about your age, and he's tow-headed, just like you. You ought to meet him sometime." I agreed.

In early September, 1918, ten years later, "we" were mopping up after the Jerries, when we came upon a small pile of earth bearing a rudely constructed cross. Peering closely in the early morning twilight we read the inscription:

ROOSEVELT—AMERICAN AVIATOR
July 14, 1918

I had finally met the little boy who, ten years before, had been tow-headed like myself.—ELLIS C. VANDER PYL, Cleveland, Ohio.

\$10 Prize HOLDUP AND MURDER

"HANDS UP!" This command was issued by a masked army officer to the bank teller of the Army Bank of Camp Funston, Kansas, and to the secretary of the Y. M. C. A. Securely tying them, he laid the pair on the floor, and obtained several thousand dollars from the vault. On his way out, the Y. M. C. A. secretary called, "All right, Captain W——. We know you." In fear of being discovered, he returned and murdered the bank teller, and knocked the secretary unconscious.

An hour later the Military Police found the door unlocked. Going in he beheld the gruesome sight, and notified headquarters. The secretary was removed to the hospital where Captain Sperry and myself interviewed him between moments of consciousness preceding his death. The

result of that interview was the knowledge that the robber was Captain W—— of the 89th Division. We received orders to arrest him and went to his headquarters. There we learned that he had committed suicide.

On his desk was a note stating the reason for his act. A married man, he had had an affair with another woman. While he could afford to give her money she was all right, but when he had to use the money elsewhere she blackmailed him and in an effort to get out of this trouble he decided to rob the Army bank, the result of which was this double murder and suicide.—JOHN E. WISE, Ocean Park, California.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT:
The last instalment of prize-winning Big Moment stories will be published in the April issue, with instalments appearing also in February and March. No contribution reaching the office of the Monthly in New York after February 1, 1936, will be considered. The prizes, as heretofore, will be \$100 for what, in the opinion of the editors, is the best story submitted, \$50 each for the next two, \$25 each for the next four, and \$10 each for the next twenty. The stories must not contain more than 250 words.

The contributions submitted will be judged not by their literary finish or lack of it, but by the quality and interest of their contents. No contributions will be returned, nor can the editors of the Monthly (whose decision will in all cases be final) enter into a correspondence concerning them.

Contributions need not be typewritten, though typewriting is preferred. Don't send pictures! Address Big Moment Contest, The American Legion Monthly, 521 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Submit as many stories as you like, but do not enclose more than one story in a single envelope. Write on one side of the sheet only, and put name and address in upper right-hand corner of each sheet.

The Real Mother's Day

(Continued from page 11)

such as 'my honey' or 'my darling'." He recommended a "cold chastity."

"Beware of itching ears and a blabbing tongue."

"Do not heap your head with hair not your own."

Women were beginning to resemble their modern sisters.

In the sixth century the nuns demonstrated that woman was capable of intellectual achievement and again in the

ninth century. With the founding of Queens College in England in 1848 her new life really began.

A letter of Michelangelo to his nephew dated February 1, 1549, indicates a great change in the social condition of woman: "Thou requirest some one who will be in subjection to thee and who will not desire to put on airs and go every day to parties and weddings."

There was the old note of "subjection"

but women were able to indulge their taste for gayety and were, it would appear, having a good time. But they were ignorant of everything but talk and manners. Education was a thing not for them.

It is strange that we should find traces of the old grudge even among the Puritans in America. An ill natured old woman was, for a time, in danger of being condemned for witchcraft. The colonial English, who spent a part of their lives in

the Old Testament, still thought that evil was born in the heart of a woman. Not until 1828 were females admitted to the public schools of Boston.

Women have had their ups and downs. Suggestive chapters in the great story are in the reigns of Louis XIV and Louis XV in France. For a time before this second Louis ascended the throne the high character of the fashionable woman of France won the admiration of the world. Her love for her husband was a sacred and a noble passion. They were mainly true to their obligation to the Great Shepherd who had redeemed them. In the reign of Louis XV the Christian religion lost its hold. The ladies of the Palais Royale and its circle of favorites had made it unfashionable. They thought that they needed only ethics. Women have to be in fashion.

All moral law was put aside. Amusement became the aim of their lives. When one variety was worn out they sought another. Rotten novels and rotten theaters were a part of their stimulation. It was fashionable to hate everything common and bourgeoisie. Morality became a joke, married love an infirmity unworthy of the well born. The heyday of license had arrived—a frenzied appetite for pleasure. Women and men were skilled in the arts of intrigue and seduction. The De Concourts have vividly described the life of that time in France as an “abyss of filth,” an “obscene orgy of evil” leading to “moral ferocity” and “Satanic cruelty and depravity,” and by its inexorable logic, culminating “in final and absolute abomination.”

Women had intoxicated nerves, padded bedrooms and hearts afloat with no anchorage.

A time had come when a nation was judged by the character and virtue of its women. Her soul had become the barometer of life. It told of storms brewing. Men had always been bad but something better was now expected of women. It was shocking to find them even worse than the men.

A time had arrived when the great crowd knew its power. It had been watching the devilry in the chateaux and in the Palais Royale. It knew all about it. That kind of thing cannot be hidden. The despised thoughts of the bourgeoisie were things to be reckoned with. They knew the weakness of their own daughters for trailing after the fashionable set. That, I think, is the milk in the cocoanut. It was no longer possible to violate their sense of decency and fill them with disgust and get away with it. The storm broke. Too many heads fell in the basket and among them were some of the most beautiful heads in France.

What a lesson for women redeemed from a shameful bondage by Him whose birth we celebrate.

Now, ladies, I have told you the great story and I wish you a merrier Christmas than any you have ever known.

Safeguarding Your Service



Skilled maintenance men guard your telephone service day and night. As a result of their vigilance, both local and long distance calls go through more quickly and accurately.

It's easy to telephone, but there's nothing easy about giving you good telephone service. It takes many thousands of trained employees to do that.

A considerable part of this work is handled by the Central Office men. Their job is to safeguard service—to prevent trouble from getting a start. They are constantly testing lines, circuits, switchboards and other equipment—working with outside repair men—performing the thousand and one tasks that keep things running right and prevent their going wrong.

This work goes on twenty-four hours a day—every day in the year.

The “trouble shooters” of the Bell System work quickly, effectively because of careful training and long experience. Their loyalty, skill and resourcefulness are a priceless tradition of the telephone business.

It is no accident that your telephone goes along for so many months without trouble of any kind. The Bell System gives this country the most efficient, reliable telephone service in the world.

Bell Telephone System



Law!

LEARN AT HOME

Are you adult, alert, ambitious, willing to study? Investigate LAW! We guide you step by step—furnish all texts, including 14-volume Law Library. Training prepared by leading law professors and given by members of bar. Degree of LL. B. conferred. Low cost, easy terms. Send NOW for Free, 64-page “Law Training for Leadership.”

LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 1361-L Chicago

She Got \$400.00 for a Half Dollar

I will pay CASH for OLD COINS, BILLS and STAMPS

POST YOURSELF! It pays!
I paid \$400.00 to Mrs. Dowdy of Texas, for one Half Dollar; J.D. Martin of Virginia \$200.00 for a single Copper Cent. Mr. Manning of New York, \$2,500.00 for one Silver Dollar. Mrs. G.F. Adams, Ohio, received \$740.00 for a few old coins. I will pay big prices for all kinds of old coins, medals, bills and stamps.

I WILL PAY \$100.00 FOR A DIME!
1894 S. Mint; \$50.00 for 1913 Liberty Head Nickel (not Buffalo) and hundreds of other amazing prices for coins. Send 4c for Large Illustrated Coin Folder and further particulars. It may mean much profit to you. Write today to

B. MAX MEHL, 300 Mehl Bldg., FORT WORTH, TEXAS
(Largest Rare Coin Establishment in U.S.)

Souvenir Hound

(Continued from page 7)

brigadier. "Inquire of your fat friend. He knows everything."

"When did you last see the dead artist?"

"I have a poor memory for dates, monsieur," she replied.

"Daughter of a cow!" Tuffé bellowed. "You were with him last night at nine o'clock. Do not deny it!"

She smiled at Hannon. "Certaine-ment, last night!" she admitted. "I met him beside the holy water font as I left the Church of the Holy Angels."

Tuffé grunted. "What did you speak about, beside the holy water?"

Again she smiled. "We discussed the lovely summer weather. After which I returned to my dear husband, who lay on the kitchen floor, very drunk. Leaving him there, I went to bed."

TUFFÉ ordered her into the office. "It was her shriek, no doubt, the hell cat," he said, returning to Hannon. "If she left Monsieur de Roche, she met him later too, and together they went to that room. . . ."

"And her husband followed?" Hannon asked, once more chewing gum.

"Oh, not her husband, monsieur! He could not! The poor man, overcome by grief at her recent actions, drank a whole bottle of eau de vie and lay helpless, as she says, upon the floor."

"It breaks my heart," Hannon said. "But I'd like to see him anyway."

"Bah! You waste time! One of the two Americans is guilty!"

Hannon threw away the gum.

"Two?" he repeated. "Who's the other one?"

"True, only the lieutenant lives in the village," Tuffé admitted, "but last night another arrived, walking from Laval. He was large and savage, as most Americans are, and also very drunk, and singing a most obnoxious song."

"Who saw him?" Hannon asked, disbelieving.

"Several honest citizens did, monsieur. First, Monsieur Froid, who deals in live geese. A most amiable and honorable man. He reported this morning, as soon as he heard of the murder, that this fearful American last night pounded on his door and demanded the way to the billet of the Lieutenant Black. Later, two pious widows observed the same man in the Rue de Petite Vitesse, searching house numbers, and lighting matches to see by, without any thought of frugality."

"Nice story," Hannon diagnosed, "but I don't believe it. Where is the lieutenant's billet?"

Tuffé shrugged. "Come with me," he bade. "I shall show you."

From the information at hand the corporal tried to piece together some

pattern as he walked beside Tuffé toward the lieutenant's billet. But the gendarme gave him little chance for abstract thinking.

"Do not fear, my young friend!" he exclaimed. "I shall solve this puzzle. It is as good as solved now! When Tuffé puts his teeth in a problem, Tuffé bites hard!"

But Hannon was thinking: The artist, de Roche, was dead, murdered in Lieutenant Black's apartment, and the lieutenant found standing over the body with blood on his own hands. The two men had made a habit of falling in love with the same woman, the gendarme said. If that were the case, would it be necessary to search further for motive?

But here *was* another motive, wholly plausible, in the quick-tongued Madame Perruche and her husband who drowned his jealousy. Hannon discounted the wild tale of another American wandering into the village conveniently just before the murder. Too often zealous citizens observed exactly such an apparition at the scenes of other crimes.

"The baker heard the scream at one o'clock?" Hannon verified. "And no one else? There was no other tenant of the lieutenant's house?"

"Oh, to be sure, another. The pious Widow Vaquette, who is very deaf, lives upstairs with her three cats."

"And she heard nothing?"

"She is blessed with an imagination. She heard no scream, but pretends now she was aroused an hour earlier by a commotion below." He paused in the doorway and announced: "You will observe the room is exactly as it was when monsieur the lieutenant committed the unchristian deed."

The doorway was so low that Hannon must duck his head to enter the room. His foot crunched something on the sill, and he stepped quickly backward and looked down. A small piece of glass, crushed almost to powder, lay on the floor. Hannon examined it, and rising, bumped his head resoundingly.

"Guy that built this door must of been half pint size," he complained, and rubbed his head as he stepped into the room.

It was a typical billet of the better class, clean and cheerless, worth exactly three francs a day, no more. The bed, under the black iron crucifix on the wall, was a huge and forbidding four-poster, ancient enough to have witnessed the births and deaths of half a dozen generations. Beside it, on a small spindle table, the pewter stick which Moise the baker had seen holding a candle, was burned empty now; on another table by the window an open field desk spilled its papers carelessly. An army locker

with brass trim stood in a corner, its lid tightly closed and no key in the lock. On the wall above it hung Black's extra uniforms.

These were all the furnishings, except the chair which Moise also had seen in the middle of the room. The broken rung still lay near it, and on it were splashes of brown stain. Hannon had seen dried blood before.

"Here lay the poor artist," Tuffé indicated. "See . . . this spot . . . where his life drained away?"

"Sort of messed things up," Hannon agreed.

"Head here," Tuffé pointed. "Most horribly crushed, monsieur! Fearfully! And the throat. . . ."

"What's this?" Hannon demanded, kneeling in a corner.

"The weapon, to be sure," Tuffé replied.

The corporal whistled under his breath. He'd often heard of the sword sticks of the apaches. And here one lay. It was a fine, long blade, tapering to a needle point and scarcely a quarter inch thick at the hilt. Its three edges were sharp as razors and its handle looked like the knob of a walking stick.

Which it was, exactly. For beyond it lay the rest of the weapon, the Malacca cane that served as scabbard. A dandy might swing such a stick on the boulevard every fair day for a year and never be suspected.

Hannon knelt, examining the blade. It would never fit again into that walking stick, he realized, for it had been bent almost at a right angle about ten inches below the point. There was a brown stain at the bend and another at the tip. Hannon took the blade in his hands and attempted to straighten it, but the steel was tough and the edges cut into his fingers, so he gave up the effort.

"GOOD steel," he commented. "This belonged to de Roche?"

"He carried it always, my corporal, but even I never guessed it held a blade. You see . . . an invalid . . . such as the husband of the wicked Madame Perruche . . . he could not strike such a blow as to bend the steel. Impossible!"

"For an invalid, yes," Hannon agreed dubiously.

He searched the room unsuccessfully until he came to the locker in the corner. When he touched it with his foot, he found it so heavy that his suspicions were sharpened, and he set to work hunting for the key. He found it on the floor under the locker. But after he lifted the lid, the reason for the weight was apparent at once.

For the trunk, instead of holding the usual paraphernalia of a young officer,

was full of iron crosses and belt buckles from the German army. He picked up a buckle, rubbed the dull iron of the Imperial eagle disrespectfully with his thumb, read the words, "Gott mit Uns" across the face of it, and said, "Yeah!"

He dropped it into his pocket, and observing that none of the iron crosses had ribbons attached, pocketed one of these also, and remarked: "Our lieutenant must be quite a souvenir hound."

He closed the trunk and returned to the field desk. He had gone through it a second time before he discovered the checkbook on the Bank of Laval. Its stubs showed an account of thirty-two thousand francs, all deposited in the past three months. No wonder Tuffé considered the lieutenant rich. Hannon thrust the check book also into his pocket.

"Guess I'll see the lieutenant again," he decided.

Tuffé rubbed his nose. "Ah!" he said triumphantly. "So you, too, suspect him rather than the poor invalid?"

"I don't suspect anyone yet," the corporal denied.

Before he returned to the gendarmerie, he questioned the pious widow who lived upstairs. Yes, she had heard a quarrel-some noise in the room below. But she swore it was before midnight, not one o'clock. Hannon accepted her story for what it was worth and next paused at the pastry shop, where he listened, first hand, to the baker's story. It differed not at all from the gendarme's version, except that Moise insisted on acting it out.

"And this man, concealed in the darkness . . . here, messieurs . . . his back to this wall . . . thus . . . he started to run. In this manner, messieurs. Here . . . at this point, he fell . . . so . . ."

Hannon, who had been following him, stooped quickly and picked up something.

"What's that?" Tuffé demanded.

"Just a rubber heel," Hannon replied. "Most likely don't mean anything." He studied it. "Well worn. Would come off easy. Phillips' patent. Made in England."

The brigadier chided, "You, too, like souvenirs?"

"One of my failings," Hannon confessed.

He asked other questions. Who were the artist's friends? Everyone. And the lieutenant's? Everyone, also.

"I tell you they were the closest of friends, themselves," Tuffé repeated. "Each Sunday they visit together the estate of Monsieur le Marquis de Campeau, at the end of the village."

"Marquis?" Hannon asked. "Another nobleman with patches on his pants?"

"But no!" the brigadier was plainly aggrieved. "He owns the large iron foundry. Once he employed forty men, but now, with no war, there is no need for casings. But he has no worry. He could buy the (Continued on page 50)

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NAME
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Souvenir Hound

(Continued from page 49)

whole town and float it away down the river and never miss the money."

"And Black and de Roche went out to spend Sundays just with *him*?" Hannon objected. "He hasn't got a daughter?"

"Oui, oui! A girl pious enough, but too thin! Certainly those two were not interested in her."

"You'd be surprised sometimes," Hannon answered.

AT THE gendarmerie, to the brigadier's apparent astonishment, Monsieur le Marquis de Campeau himself awaited them. He had come in his dog cart, a tiny, two-wheeled rig, pulled by a diminutive pony. But the cart and the animal were the only small things about him. For the iron founder was a huge man. He was past middle age and extremely tall for a Frenchman. His light hair was streaked with gray and his blue eyes watered as he peered nearsightedly at the brigadier.

He wore good tweeds, Hannon observed, with the red ribbon of the Legion in his lapel and he saluted with his left hand.

"This is most horrible!" he cried. "This moment, when I come here to report a matter . . . which is of the utmost unimportance beside what I learn . . . your good wife informs me. . . ."

"The woman talks too much, monsieur," Tuffé apologized. "This matter which you came yourself to report . . .?"

"It is nothing. Merely an occurrence last night at my home. You have found the slayer of my friend?"

"I *shall* find him," Tuffé promised. "You wish to report. . . ."

"No, no! Not now. This shocking tragedy crowds all else from my thoughts. De Roche was my friend, and my daughter's. . . ."

"But the matter at your house may illuminate our murder, perhaps?" Tuffé persisted.

"Oh, positively not! It was merely a vagabond. . . ."

"An American?" Tuffé hinted.

The marquis blew his nose loudly. "Forgive me," he pleaded. "I am overcome. Monsieur de Roche was close to me. This vagabond . . . I shall tell you. My daughter retired early. My wife soon after. I myself read until ten o'clock, then went to my bed chamber on the ground floor." He peered with sudden suspicion at Corporal Hannon, and patted his jacket pockets as a man does searching his spectacles. "Who is this?" he demanded. "I can not see." He searched his pockets again. "In my grief I have mislaid my nose glasses. . . ."

"An American policeman," Tuffé explained.

"American?" He still searched. "My glasses, they are mislaid," he complained. "But . . . never mind, it matters not. As I say, I retired but did not sleep. At midnight, I heard a glass break in the house. Grasping the poker, I went to investigate. In the conservatory I met an intruder. . . ."

"A large American?" Tuffé asked again hopefully. "Or perhaps a man the size of the Lieutenant Black?"

"Oh, non, non, non! Not my friend, the lieutenant. A large man, perhaps. It was dark, remember. I followed, as he fled, ordering him to halt. But he escaped." Campeau held up his right palm forward. "On the broken window I cut myself somewhat."

His palm was badly gashed, and Hannon said, "Glass makes a mean cut. Did you follow him?"

"To no use, my good soldier. He crossed the garden before I reached the door. Then I called my wife and she bathed the cuts for me. That was at midnight. Nothing, you see, compared with your fearful business! De Roche was my friend. And the lieutenant, too!"

Hannon turned abruptly, and leaving the two Frenchmen, sought his own countryman. Lieutenant Black sat on the stone floor of his cell. He had unbuttoned his blouse at the neck and his linen collar was awry.

"Want a cigarette, sir?" Hannon offered.

"You go to the devil," Black answered sourly.

The corporal shrugged, lighted the cigarette himself, and returned to the brigadier. No use trying to talk to Black yet.

"Suppose we go look over de Roche's studio next?" he suggested, leading the way out.

The artist had lived in a small detached house, with a garden wall around it, on that edge of town sloping down to the river. The two rooms and the lean-to kitchen, when Hannon first observed them, were in a state of temperamental disorder.

Old clothes were heaped upon the bed and hung carelessly on pegs about the walls, and books were scattered in comfortable confusion. The studio proper had a broad north window overlooking the river. On the walls were several portraits of a handsome, full-lipped girl, in costumes which the corporal realized must have been fashionable centuries ago.

"Know her?" he asked Tuffé.

The brigadier shook his fat head. "A stranger," he said.

On the easel stood another portrait of the same girl, and beside it, on a table,

a flat book lay open, weighted down with twisted paint tubes. The page thus exposed contained a large illustration in color.

Hannon looked from it to the easel.

"This is the same woman," he said. "Guess he was copying." He leaned down and read the signature on the page in the book. "Copying a fellow named Rubens . . . Peter Paul Rubens."

"I never heard of him," the brigadier stated. "He does not live in Tisserand."

Hannon studied the picture on the easel another moment, then commented. "He made it look like her, all right. Old fashioned as hell. You say de Roche had money?"

"But certainement! His pictures sold as readily . . ." the brigadier snapped his fingers . . . "readily as post cards! He would only need go to Paris, before the war, and returning, pay his debts and buy drinks for the town. A great artist, monsieur!"

Hannon was leaning from the window as he listened. At last, with some abstraction, he said: "I'll meet you later, sir," and leaving the old brigadier staring after him, went out of the house, found a path toward the river, and thus came up behind the rear of the studio. The wall was low, and he vaulted it, and crossed the weedy garden to a point below the window. There he had observed from the room a newly piled hummock of earth.

HE WAITED until the brigadier had gone before he dug into it with his fingers. In less than two minutes he had pulled out a canvas. It was discolored with earth and weather, and ashes had been scattered over its surface, further giving it the appearance of age. He shook off the dirt and studied it. Yes, this was another picture of that same girl.

An hour later, with the painting rolled under his arm, he stood in the museum at Laval, facing the curator.

"Got something here I want you to look at," he said, and offered the curator a stick of chewing gum.

The curator grumbled: "You Americans! Always discovering masterpieces! Let me look at it."

He stared at the painting when it was unrolled, studied it with a magnifying glass which he wore on a black ribbon, and at last looked up.

"What did you pay for it?"

"I found it," Hannon answered.

"It is a clever forgery, my young friend!" the curator exclaimed. "Supposed to be Rubens, of course. Would you mind telling me where you found it? It would mean a great deal to France and to art."

"Oh, I just dug it up," Hannon replied.

The curator glanced shrewdly at him. "There have been others somewhat like this, m'sieur. Many. Before the war, two . . . three . . . four times a year, some rich American would dip into his pocket and pay many thousand francs, perhaps, to this or that street dealer in Paris, thinking he had discovered a Rubens."

"Before the war?" Hannon repeated. "Not since?"

"Since 1914 there are no tourists," the other reminded him. "But this artist, whoever he is, is clever . . . and wicked, monsieur."

"He's dead," Hannon said. "Died last night."

The curator seemed astonished.

"Only last night? Then what has the thief been doing since 1914? Nothing honest, certainly!"

Hannon left him wondering, and returned in the dusk to Tisserand. Parts of the problem were beginning to solve themselves. De Roche had been playing a crooked game, and Black was his friend. So what about Black? What connection could an apparently respectable young officer in the Division of Rents, Requisitions and Claims have with faking old masterpieces?

Or was the brigadier right? Was a woman at the bottom of the affair? The dressmaker Perruche? The corporal so far had learned of no other except perhaps the daughter of the Marquis of Campeau . . . and she was too fat to attract an artist, the brigadier had said.

Tuffé, his uniform discarded for comfort and convenience, was sitting in a suit of pale blue underwear at table in his wife's kitchen when Corporal Hannon returned. He greeted Hannon cheerfully.

"You walk a long time, my friend. And while you walk, I work. On my bicycle, I have been at the home of Monsieur Campeau. I searched the garden, where the assassin fled last night. And what do I find? Look, beside my plate! It was on the high wall to the garden over which the scoundrel leaped."

Hannon looked. On the table lay an American army button, with strands of cloth still clinging.

"Also," the brigadier said triumphantly, "I examined your American lieutenant out there." He motioned toward the cells. "His uniform . . . pay close attention . . . it is lacking one button. And the cloth of his tunic is the same which hangs to the button there!"

Hannon nearly swallowed his gum. Lieutenant Black! Why would he be prowling around the home of Campeau? It couldn't be an American button! Yet there it was.

"And I questioned other citizens," the brigadier added. "Another of your soldiers was in town last night, drunk, and seeking the lieutenant."

"Don't believe it!" Hannon snapped.

"Ah, but I will prove it!" Tuffé stuffed the last of the fried potatoes and fish into his mouth. The bell to the office

door was jangling. Still in blue underwear, he tramped down the stair. Hannon followed.

The small man who stood in the doorway, dilapidated hat in hand, chin unshaven, knees bent, was a picture of misery.

"My brigadier!" he pleaded. "I come for help! My wicked wife nags me!"

Tuffé swallowed and wiped his mouth.

"I regret, Citizen Perruche!"

"She will give me no money!"

Hannon grinned. He didn't blame the pert young dressmaker. Neither did this man look like an invalid to him. The fellow had limped forward toward Tuffé, pleading, and lifted his hands in a gesture of despair. Hannon, observing his palms, stepped toward him quickly.

"Let me see your shoes," the corporal ordered. "Why you limping?"

The other cringed; made a motion to back away, but Hannon caught him and swung him around. He flung him unceremoniously to the wooden bench and lifted his feet.

On his right shoe, the dressmaker's husband wore a Phillips' rubber heel. The left heel was gone. From his pocket Hannon drew the heel he had found.

"Here's where one little souvenir belongs," he told the brigadier triumphantly, "and here's the man who hid in the shadows outside the lieutenant's billet last night."

"But no!" the brigadier argued.

"Look at his hands," Hannon said. "Palms are all scratched from a fall."

Tuffé stamped his feet in fury. "Serpent!" he shouted at Perruche. "You'll die! Die for so foul a murder!" He caught the Frenchman by the collar and shook him.

"I'll let you handle him," Hannon said. He left them and hurried toward the lieutenant's billet. An idea had come to him.

To his surprise, when he reached Lieutenant Black's door, it stood unlocked. His feet again crunched broken glass, and again he ducked through the low door, and crossed quickly in the dark to the locker in the corner. Also, to his surprise, its key, which he had left in it, was gone.

He was feeling carefully for it when he was startled by a sound close at hand. As he grasped his flashlight, a voice said clearly in English, "Careful there!"

He turned his flashlamp on the voice.

A tall American soldier, with shoulders wide enough to carry ten packs and a company stove, in a uniform that could not have been cleaned since the first battle of the Marne, stood scowling in the middle of the floor, feet apart, long wide mouth drawn into an ugly grimace.

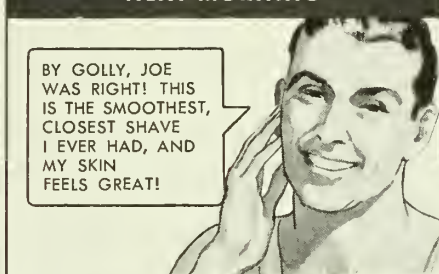
His right hand pointed a .45 caliber automatic pistol directly at Hannon's head.

"I'm going to leave you have it this time!" the big man said. "You don't get away with nothing, see!"

(To be concluded)



NEXT MORNING



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Bursts and Duds

Conducted by Dan Sowers



EDWARD M. HERATY of Philadelphia sends us a story about Dr. Leo Bernd, a native of Georgia and a major in the Medical Corps during the World

War. Major Bernd was being driven in early morning from a first-aid station. "We had gone a few miles," he said, "with the going rough and slow, when I saw two boys—privates—whom I had known at the college where I taught medicine. I got out, walked up to them, put my arms around them and squeezed for dear life, being so glad to see two old friends.

"As we stood thus came the shriek of brakes—another car stopped and out hopped a colonel, mad as a hornet at being stopped. He called us to approach. We did so—came a second grinding of brakes and another car came to a stop. We all looked and in the growing light saw a figure step out with stars on his shoulder. We all snapped to attention. "What's the matter?" the general called.

"The colonel said, 'Sir, I find a major fraternizing with two privates.'

"The general came closer and exclaimed, 'Why, Dr. Bernd, how are you? Please introduce me to these two gentlemen.'

"It was General Robert Lee Bullard."

WINSOR B. WILLIAMS, who served as press relations secretary to many National Commanders, relates an incident in London following National Commander Howard Savage's official tour following the Paris National Convention of 1927. Commander Savage and his official party had been received by the King and Queen of Great Britain, the King and Queen of the Belgians, and the King of Italy. The tour was about over, and the beloved General Milton J. Foreman came into Savage's suite and said:

"Howard, this is some poker game you're having—two queens, three kings, and hundreds of Americans running wild."



COMRADE Chet Chasson, once of the 108th Infantry, tells us about a soldier who lost his arm. When he came out of the ether he began demanding

his arm. He was told that his arm was somewhere out in No Man's Land.

"Oh, what will I do? What will I do!" he sobbed.

"Come, old man," said the surgeon, "you'll be able to get an artificial arm, and with some practice, you'll get along first rate."

"Maybe so, but I'll never find another wrist watch as pretty as the one I had on that arm."

COMMANDER MARCUS LIFSHUTZ of Charles E. Wescott Post, Bath, New York, has put in many years as a service officer. Can any of the other 11,000 service officers tie this, his latest story?

"Five years ago, a comrade asked me to get him a copy of his discharge certificate. Several months later he asked me to have his war-time fines remitted. That was difficult, but finally I got the money for him. Then I filled out his papers for his adjusted service certificate. Next I got him a medal. Then he requested aid in securing disability compensation. In that I was fortunately also successful.

"Then he wanted me to get him an easy job. I beat the bushes and found him a job, although it did not exactly suit him. But his next request was beyond me. After a generous application of smelling salts, I asked him to repeat it. I had heard him correctly—he wanted me to get him a divorce."



LES Albert, Department Adjutant of Idaho, tells about some "officers and gentlemen" of the movie palaces. Recently he overheard two uniformed ushers,

in a super-stupendous-de luxe theater, engaged in a furious argument. Finally one said to the other:

"Just fer that I'm goin' to knock your block off!"

Before the threat could be put into action an older usher, with much more rank and more gold braid, turned on the boys with frigid severity.

"You forget, gentlemen," he said. "You are in uniform."

"OH, WHAT a night!" complained the club bore, as he drew up his chair for a rubber of bridge. To a man the other players sighed, and one of them asked solicitously:

"Did you go on a bender?"

"Oh, no! An old friend cornered me about midnight and told me all about his asthma."

"Well, why didn't you trump him with that yarn about your diabetes?"

"Hell, I had led with that!"



LEGIONNAIRE Herb Stoops of New York is relating one about a social worker calling at a house in response to a call for relief. She was

met at the door by a backward-looking boy.

"Is your father at home?" she asked.

"Ain't got none."

"Well, where is your mother?"

"Don't know," answered the boy.

"Have you any brothers or sisters?"

"Got a brother."

"Where is he?"

"In Harvard."

"In Harvard!" exclaimed the social worker. "You have a brother in Harvard, and your family asking for relief?"

"Yes'm."

"What's he doing there?"

"I don't know, 'cepting they put him in a glass jar—you see, he's got two heads."

LEGIONNAIRE Ward Davis, of Rochester, N. Y., used to tell about the man who came in his office and shouted:

"I've been getting threatening letters through the mail; isn't there a law against that?"

"There certainly is," replied Ward.

"In fact, it is a very serious offense to send threatening letters. Have you any idea who's doing it?"

"Sure! The income tax collector."

THE sales manager's wife had called at the office, to be told that he was in conference.

"Were you terribly bored while waiting for me, dear?" he asked when he returned.

"No, darling," she replied. "I amused myself with those ducky little colored pins in that map on the wall. I changed them around and made them look much prettier."



GEORGE A. CORWIN, a Manor (California) Legionnaire, writes us that his favorite membership campaign story is about the Southern Negro who

was an expert with the whip. He had demonstrated his prowess on a fly and the blossom of a flower. He was then asked to take a crack at a nearby hornet's nest.

"Oh, no," he replied. "A fly am a fly, a blossom am a blossom, but, suh, a hornet's nest am an organization."

Revenge, Not Too Sweet

(Continued from page 1)

merrily whistling, I proceeded leisurely to take off my coat and shirt. I felt fine.

Presently the water had attained the desired temperature, and I began my ablutions. I had all but finished, and bent once more low over my tub, my torso covered with a last luxurious lather, when—plunk!—a large hunk of cow manure hit me smartly between the shoulder blades and scattered in countless miniscule fragments over my head, neck, body, washwater and clean shirt spread out on the grass beside me. There followed a hideous cackle of glee.

“Gottverdammt schweinhund!” I said between clenched teeth, wiped the soap from my eyes, raised up and turned around. But the perpetrator had disappeared. In a white-hot rage I ran back past the horse-stable from which direction the missile had come, and was just in time to see the door of the wooden privy, which stood in a corner behind the stable half concealed by lilac bushes, softly close.

“Aha!” thought I. “Aha, indeed!”

I would now take suitable revenge.

Looking about for something that would serve my purpose, my eyes alighted on a row of galvanized tin pails set out on a wooden bench in front of the cow-barn on the opposite side of the yard, close to the administration building. Thither I hurried, grabbed one of the pails—and a fine big bucket it was, holding upward of five gallons—and went to the manure pile.

For the benefit of those not familiar with the architecture of the European manure pile, a short technical description must here be interpolated. A manure pile, then, as the term implies, consists of manure. Manure is what straw or hay turns into automatically in the course of natural events when used as bedding for horses or cows. Removed from stable or barn, it is deposited in a shallow, circular depression shoveled out for this purpose in the center of every European farmyard. There the rich moisture with which manure in its primary state is saturated drains off and forms a sort of moat around the solid constituents. The whole thing looks something like a plum pudding of heroic proportions in a bowl of rum sauce.

Into this juice then, called “jauche” in German, I dunked my bucket (caring naught that it was supposed to be a milk pail) and lifted it filled to the brim with liquid essence of manure. Then, with rapid and determined steps, I approached the privy.

The basic principles of privy construction are the same all over the world, one of the main points of similarity being that their doors only reach approximately three quarters of the distance up to the structure’s roof, in order that the

occupant may enjoy fresh air and sunshine.

About two meters from the door I stopped. Carefully I judged distance, trajectory and windage. I gripped the bucket firmly with both hands. I hauled back, and shouting “Take this, you dirty—!” I swung—and in a graceful parabola the contents swished through the air and disappeared to the very last drop over the privy door’s upper edge.

Sweet was my revenge. It was my time to cackle now, and cackle I did. “Heh! Heh! Heh! Heh! H—,” but not for long. First there was an ominous silence, lasting about two seconds. Then came an earthshaking roar of rage and dismay. Then the door flew open and—clutching his pants, eyes bulging from a livid face, bellowing like the Bull of Bashan and drenched with jauche from the top of his white-haired head to the tips of his riding boots—shot Colonel Count Max Von Bredow, our regimental commander.

I shall forbear to harrow the reader’s feelings with a detailed description of what followed. Suffice it to say that in the end I was neither shot, hanged, nor drawn and quartered, as I was fervently promised by the irate victim of my horrible mistake. There is no doubt, however, that I really would have been sent under guard to the Military Insane Asylum at Strassburg the same day had not my assailant, Vizefeldwebel Waechter, who had observed the cataclysm, first with glee then in speechless horror, through a crack in the wall of the horse-stable, heeded the voice of conscience and manfully reported himself. By that time the colonel had changed his clothes, and, his sense of humor prevailing, he let me off without any punishment.

Two weeks afterwards Waechter was killed while on patrol. Colonel Von Bredow, that fine old gentleman, followed his two sons into a soldier’s grave three months later. I was with him at the end. On the 22nd of October, 1918, it was, late in the afternoon. The remnants of our regiment, about one hundred and fifty men and five officers, were surrounded in a quarry just west of the fortress of Namur, near the French-Belgian frontier. As dusk set in a British battery, which had shelled us intermittently all day, reopened fire on our position. The colonel was hit. On a tarpaulin we carried him to cover at the foot of the quarry wall. There he lay, both legs horribly mangled, bleeding to death. Just before death came he opened his eyes and saw me kneeling beside him, my canteen in my hand. He made a ghastly attempt to smile. “Junker,” he said in a weak voice, “what have you in—”

R. I. P.



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Looking Backward

(Continued from page 29)

appointed place at or very near the appointed time.

Immediately after the conclusion of the Miami convention, and after a hurried visit to Havana—where Commander Belgrano made his first official address, to Legionnaires residing in Cuba—the first leg of the long trail was a fourteen-hundred-mile automobile drive from Miami to the National Headquarters at Indianapolis. Speaking engagements were made to permit two or more addresses each day so that by the time Commander Belgrano reached Headquarters for his first visit he had become a seasoned campaigner.

This automobile trip through the heart of the old South was followed in April by a longer trip covering the States of Tennessee, Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia, South Carolina, North Carolina, then jumping to Delaware and New Jersey and back to Indianapolis, covering nearly five thousand miles. It was on this trip that Commander Belgrano made his all-time record for Legion speeches within a twenty-four hour period—perhaps an all-time record for Legion Commanders.

After a period of hard driving, the Commander's automobile rolled into Raleigh, North Carolina, shortly after

noon on an April day only to find that the State Legislature which he was expected to address, had just adjourned. An evening meeting was scheduled in Raleigh, then the Commander was handed a schedule that read like a road-map between Raleigh and Asheville. However, most of the stops scheduled were intended to be brief and only for a how-do-you-do. But things do not always work out as planned. Piloted by Commander Hubert Olive and Adjutant Jim Caldwell the caravan set out bravely on the following morning, which happened to be the Saturday before Easter. The day began with a breakfast at Durham, then on and on until Charlotte was reached at about six o'clock, with a radio broadcast and banquet meeting scheduled for evening—record: ten talks in nine towns. The following day—Easter Sunday—the caravan took the road early in a blinding, driving rain. Gastonia for breakfast, where not even the bad weather had deterred the city officials and capacity group of Legionnaires; then on to Asheville, the trip punctuated by frequent stops. Another record: Eight talks in seven towns. The trip was halted by a call to Washington and the Commander was forced to desist

from his Easter activities to take an evening train to the national capital.

Many other long automobile trips were made during the year—in fact Commander Belgrano made more use of this means of transportation than any other Commander within recent years. And at the conclusion of the St. Louis convention he purchased a car in that city and drove back to San Francisco by way of the southern route to Los Angeles, thus piling up more automobile mileage.

Travel by air was resorted to frequently and the number of miles covered by this means of transportation ran up to a very considerable total, all without mishap or element of danger other than that normally assumed by one who chooses to ride the clouds. The most consistent use of air service was made during the month of August when making the round of Department conventions and in filling a schedule impossible other than by plane. During that month a total of nearly twenty thousand miles of travel was clocked up, including three almost complete trans-continental trips. One day's travel will serve as an illustration. The Commander attended the Louisiana Department convention at Baton Rouge the afternoon of August



WILLIAM M. STUTLER, CARTOGRAPHER

roth, visited the hospital at Alexandria during the evening and drove to Monroe to spend the night. Boarding an early morning plane to Big Springs, Texas, then by chartered plane Carlsbad, New Mexico, was reached at noon, where the Commander addressed the New Mexico Department convention, and during the afternoon flew by way of Albuquerque to Winslow, Arizona, where the convention of that Department was in session.

This round was continued through California, through the Pacific northwestern states and on back to the east, completing the tour at the Virginia convention at Virginia Beach. On this trip only two days were taken out for rest—days spent at Yellowstone National Park where, in the capable hands of Joe Joffe, Assistant to the Superintendent, a thorough tour of the park was made.

Many and varied are the calls that are made upon the National Commander during his year in office, all having something to do with the advancement of the program of the Legion or purely patriotic in character. Each year at eleven o'clock in the morning of Armistice Day the Commander places a wreath on the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier at Arlington Cemetery; then, after a brief pause, delivers a message to the country in a service at the amphitheater near the Tomb. On February 12th each year he is the principal speaker at the pilgrimage to the tomb of Abraham Lincoln at Springfield, Illinois, a pilgrimage sponsored by Illinois Legionnaires which has grown into national importance. Patriotic days are observed by special functions in which the Commander participates.

While the Legion has not yet reached its twentieth year and may still be considered a young organization, a number of traditional events and observances have developed in many parts of the country. Notable and outstanding among these are the annual Hall of Fame dinner given by the Legion post at Duluth, Minnesota, at which time some citizen of that city is designated for a place in the Hall of Fame—a reward for distinguished service. The annual duck dinner given by the Stuttgart, Arkansas, Post is scarcely less well known. This post has made an increase in membership each year since its organization and to celebrate it gives a wild duck dinner.

In the course of official rounds many honors are paid the National Commander and recognition given that reflects in a definite manner. Commander Belgrano was the recipient of many honors and marks of distinction during his term, honors including commissions as colonel on the official staffs of the Governors of three States—Governor Ruby Laffoon, of Kentucky; Governor James Allred, of Texas, and Governor E. W. Marland, of Oklahoma. He was inducted into the Boy Scouts at San Francisco with an impressive ceremony carried on by the

young Americans enroled in a troop sponsored by a post of the Legion, and he was accorded honorary membership in learned and distinguished societies.

Distinct honors paid him that will be long remembered were the ceremonies of adoption into two Indian tribes, with the full ceremonial rites. He became a member of the Sioux and the Arapahoes.

While at Mobridge, South Dakota, the members of the Sioux tribe at Standing Rock Reservation, received the Commander into their tribe under the name of Oki-cintawa—Battle Leader, in English—the name of a noted Hunkpapa Sioux chief whose place in tribal affairs the Commander is supposed to take. At the conclusion of the ceremony and as a mark of full membership, the Commander was presented a war bonnet made of eagle feathers and a ceremonial pipe encased in a beaded buckskin pouch.

An additional touch of color was added when the colors of Barney Brought Post of the Legion, a post composed of Indian veterans, was advanced to form a background for the council. The ceremony was carried on under the direction of Chief Dan Earrings, and the Indian Legionnaires were under the command of Post Commander George Redfox and Past Commander Straight Pine.

The members of the Arapahoe tribe of the Wind River Reservation paid a similar honor to Commander Belgrano on the occasion of his visit to the Wyoming Department Convention at Riverton, when, under the direction of Chief Alonzo Red Willow assisted by Michael Old Eagle as interpreter, the Commander was received into the tribe under the name of Nee-na-ha-na-hit, or Cloud Eagle. Chief Red Willow, at the conclusion of the ceremony, placed upon the Commander's head a gaily colored war bonnet and placed in his hands the bow and arrow—symbolic of both war and peace.

Participating in the ceremony were Chief Alonzo Red Willow, Michael Old Eagle, Ralph Runs Behind, Charley White Man, Sadie Goes Up Alone, Mary Runs Behind, Irene White Man, and two children, Molly High Voice and Evaline Bad Woman.

It is a trite saying that in work or play one is recompensed in exact ratio to the effort put forth. To the Legion Frank Belgrano brought a vigorous leadership and a devotion to the organization proved by continued and faithful service since the first months of its organization. He threw his whole soul into the work that had been entrusted to him, and retires from the office with the consciousness that he gave his very best effort to the Legion and the veterans of the World War as their National Commander. His work and his personality is now so deeply impressed that his administration will stand out as a shining star in a year of trials and tribulation. Having served in the highest place, he has returned to his home post at San Francisco to faithfully perform his duties as a good Legionnaire.

ALL HANDS PASSED



OUT!

A FEW puffs dealt from that soggy pipe and rubber-tree tobacco ended the bidding. But a pipe cleaner and a tin of kind and sociable tobacco would put the game back on a friendly basis. No—we don't make pipes; but, folks, we do believe we offer the best-smelling blend of fragrant Kentucky Burleys ever laid before the noses of pipe lovers and their companions. Cooler and slower-burning, a 15¢ tin of Sir Walter Raleigh Tobacco lasts a pleasantly-long time. We think it's so darned superior we even wrap it in heavy gold foil for extra freshness. Better try it.

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Hot Stove Stuff

(Continued from page 21)

associated with baseball except the game itself gets to be monotonous. And the game itself gets to be hazardous and painful. It's fine, a lot of fellows seem to think, to ride around in air-conditioned Pullmans, sleeping in Ritzes and near-Ritzes, eating in jewel-spattered dining rooms and generally living off the fat of the land. But I'm built something on the order of Bim Gump in the cartoon. Bim, the Australian billionaire, can have a palace but prefers a cottage. My bed back in Rochester is as good a bed as money can buy. My wife can cook up some of my favorites as well as any chef can fix them up. I love kids, and I like it when they follow me around and ask me for my autograph, but I love me own daughter best of all.

AND you can't take your own family with you everywhere a baseball team goes. Even if you could afford it (you have to pay their way, you know) maybe their health wouldn't stand it. Your own health, of course, just has to stand it.

Travel, they say, broadens a fellow. Well, if you keep traveling to the same places, year after year, it can bore a fellow, too. There are only eight cities in the National League and I've friends in every one of them. But a baseball player doesn't have much time to visit with his friends. He has to be out at the field at 1 or 1.30 every day, and around noon if there's a double-header. A good share of the time he has to be out there in the morning as well. He can't get all crumbed up and into his street clothes and back to his hotel much before 6 o'clock and he generally goes to bed, and glad of it, around 10.30 or 11.

Now if you're going to play around with your friends who aren't in the game, these hours are almost prohibitive. Outside of baseball, men who play golf generally do so in the afternoon or on Saturdays or Sundays—the busiest times for a ball player. It's rarely that a ball player, even at home, can so much as sandwich in more than two or three movies a week with his family. Mostly, the players herd together and while away what little spare time they have shooting pool or billiards or playing bridge or ten-cent limit. No whoopee, mind you, or you don't last. And if you have outside friends, you soon find that what they most want to do when they go out with you is make whoopee.

Most of these things come under the head of mental hazards. But the pangs of baseball are as real as the threats and discomforts. Even when I was still in my teens I used to get stiffened up, now and then, from working out too hard with a ball. Imagine the torture of getting into shape once a man begins to approach

forty! If a boy can bruise himself and put kinks in his muscles before he's got into long pants, think how much more painful the bruises are by the time he's 35. Or 44, like me! My friend of the Legion clambake didn't get bruised a bit more than some of the older big-leaguers occasionally get bruised during spring training.

Yet every year a big-leaguer has to go to the South before snow is off the ground in the North. During the winter he may have got what exercise he could, but the best way to loosen up for baseball is to play baseball. And you can't start right in sliding to bases and throwing from the outfield to the plate. Every muscle has to be trained all over again every year. It has to be trained just so. You have to measure out your exercise with all the care of a good chef measuring the ingredients of a sauce. If you throw just a mite too hard, pop! goes a ligament. If you slide too hard, pop! goes a leg. I know: I slid into a rookie catcher down South—a kid who was trying hard to make good with the Yanks. Bill Dickey would have let me get away with it in a grape-fruit game. But the kid blocked me off just as if it was mid-season. I broke my leg. Was that fun? I'm asking you.

No, it isn't fun to break a leg, or to face the constant danger of breaking a leg. It isn't fun to be rushing for trains and hurrying your meals and sometimes it isn't even fun to argue with umpires. But it's still fun to play baseball—fun for me, and I'll bet that every retired star of the game wishes right now he could strengthen his legs and renew his eyes and get back in there, danger, monotony, umpires and all.

THE money isn't the reason. Plenty of old-timers have kept on playing long after they stopped needing the money. Doctors and dentists and lawyers and rich men have played baseball although they'd have been better off, financially, if they'd followed their other jobs. We play because we love to play. Charlie Grimm and Pie Traynor are both on the shady side of their thirties. Charlie manages the Cubs and Pie manages the Pirates. Charlie this year got a young first baseman who can sock the ball for around .300, so he benched himself during most of the season. But I know he'd rather be playing. Pie, like Jimmy Dykes of the White Sox, hasn't found a better third baseman than himself, so he continues to get into a lot of games. If he didn't like playing, do you suppose he would stay in there as much as he does? Consciously or unconsciously, he'd be letting somebody else cover third.

Why do you suppose Babe Ruth signed up with the Braves last season? If you

think it was for the salary you're more than half wrong. Babe doesn't need a salary; he'll never have to set a trap so's to get a sirloin off the wolf at his door. Babe has money enough. But Babe still would like to be in there, knocking the cover off the ball. With the Braves, Babe played because he wanted to play. He was his own judge of his own condition, and he played most every game while he stayed with us. He didn't have to if he didn't want to. He wanted to. And I'll bet a cookie that from now on Babe Ruth will be spending a sort of busman's holiday—going to ball games most of the time.

And they won't all be big-league games. Professional baseball players retain the amateur spirit better than many amateur athletes I could mention. Babe Ruth, Ty Cobb and Tris Speaker all were great stars, all made huge salaries, but I'll bet not one of them ever passes a sandlot game without wishing he could get in. And I'll bet now and then one of them stops and introduces himself and *does* get in. I know I've done it.

I'VE seen Babe Ruth stop at the roadside on his way to a park to watch kids play in the street. I've seen him when he was so tired he could hardly lift his head, but when he still had enthusiasm enough for baseball to show a small boy how to swing a bat. There's nothing phony, by the way, about Babe's love for kids. I was his roommate while he was with the Braves and I've seen him sit down in the morning to sign a thousand or more cards or trinkets that kids sent him to autograph. No kid ever wrote Babe who didn't get an answer—if Babe got his letter, and Babe always wanted to see all his fan mail, which often ran into more than a sack a day.

While I was rooming with the Babe, I never heard a hint that he had the least regret for the kind of a career he'd made for himself. His only regret was that his career couldn't go on forever.

But you don't need to come up to our own generation to find proof of the love men have for baseball, even when it is professional baseball and they are growing old, and brittle, and maybe a little timid. Take Denton C. Young—Old Cy Young he was when I broke into the leagues, when he'd been pitching for a generation. As far back as 1890 he had been noted as an iron man; he'd pitched both games of a double-header for Cleveland and had won both games. (Cleveland was in the National League then, and there wasn't any American League.) Eighteen years later, Cy Young was still good enough to pitch a no-hit shutout for the Red Sox. It was the second no-hitter of his career, too; the other had

been pitched back in the Gay Nineties.

Cy Young loved the game. In his early days at it, he might have made just as much money at almost any job. And baseball was hard. Players were lucky if they didn't have to ride in day-coaches even over the longest jump—Boston to St. Louis. Their managers hunted cheap hotels and cheap restaurants. Sometimes the players had to walk from the hotel to the park.

I was in the same Navy with Jack Barry, Ernie Shore and a lot of other big-leaguers. One of the first things we did, when we got together, was to start a baseball game.

So don't tell me I'm not playing when I get into a baseball game. Sure, I know all about how hot it is in St. Louis in the summer, and how cold it is in Boston in April. I've been lame and sick in training camps, and I've had writers' cramp from autographing score-cards and balls. Fans have called me a big bum and a little bum, which is perhaps more appropriate, although I've always given them everything I had. It has been a hard life.

But it has been the best life I can imagine—and the most fun. It was a game when I started and it's still a game for me today. And to prove it, I'll tell you my greatest ambition this side of Heaven: I want to be the first grandfather in the big leagues.

[EDITOR'S NOTE—When the Monthly published the first article by Legionnaire Rabbit Maranville (in the October, 1935, issue), George B. McAvoy, Monroe County (New York) Commander, The

American Legion, sent to this magazine, without Maranville's knowing anything about it, the following:

Walter J. (Rabbit) Maranville has for years been a member of the Legion in this County and our only disappointment was that nowhere was this fact mentioned. In 1917 Rabbit joined the Navy, served on the Pennsylvania and other ships.

I believe that in '28 Rabbit moved to Rochester. In that year he joined Abey-Barry Post of Rochester, which was then an all Navy post. In 1933 he transferred to Irondequoit Post. Irondequoit is a suburb of Rochester.

For three years Rabbit was chaplain of Irondequoit Post. In 1933 he was membership chairman, increasing the post's membership from 123 to 172. He has put on some baseball parties for the post, to swell its building fund, raising a substantial sum of money. This idea originated with him. In 1933 he paid all expenses of the post's junior baseball team.

For three years Irondequoit Post won the Department of New York's award as the outstanding post for community service. To Rabbit belongs the bulk of the credit for this achievement because it was only through his efforts and help that the post was able to win this award. He has always been available to any post in the county as a speaker. This same generous spirit of service has been extended by him at all times to churches, regardless of denomination, and to other organizations.

The point I wish to make is that Rabbit is not only an outstanding baseball player, but particularly in view of the limited time at his disposal, he has been and is, an outstanding Legionnaire.]

Rubber

(Continued from Page 17)

Julius A. Nieuwland of Notre Dame University—you're right, the same school that more or less invented football—was working with acetylene, on which he is a leading authority. He found a reaction which later was to prove a useful tool in the development which led to artificial rubber.

Back before the World War an industrial firm in Delaware was busily engaged in developing for itself a well-rounded line of peacetime products. The firm, owned for a hundred years by the same family, had been founded back in the days of Thomas Jefferson as a maker of military, hunting, and blasting powders. Its products, marketed under the family name of its owners, the DuPonts, dominated the American market.

The growth of the nation made constantly increasing demands on the company for commercial explosives. The development, just before the turn of the century, of the so-called high or chemically compounded explosives naturally led the old powder company into a pro-

gram of industrial development in which the chemist became a leading performer.

The World War emphasized the need for national industrial independence, and this chemical program was intensified a hundredfold when peace activities were resumed. As witness duco, cellophane, fabrikoid, dyes, and a thousand other widely distributed products. The same company developed many chemicals used in the rubber industry. In the course of this development, DuPont chemists and Father Nieuwland established contact. Synthetic rubber had long been the organic chemist's fondest dream. The Nieuwland reaction supplied a means which helped DuPont chemists to change isoprene by putting a unit of chlorine in it, forming a compound called chloroprene. Chloroprene, on standing, changes into a mass which is synthetic rubber. This product they named DuPrene. DuPrene is the synthetic rubber we have been discussing, and it is one of the greatest achievements of our generation, something (Continued on page 58)

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Rubber

(Continued from page 57)

of which every American has the right to be proud. Father Nieuwland and the DuPont research men started almost from scratch, carried on right across the line of success, and now are engaged in going beyond their first success to the point where this synthetic rubber will inevitably take its place alongside natural rubber as a genuine competitor at a genuinely competitive cost.

My own company has been using this product ever since first it was announced. It happened that we had been trying to make a better printer's roller than anything on the market, and were using rubber with indifferent success. We knew precisely the characteristics we needed in a material to make excellent printer's rollers, but knew of no material meeting our ideal specifications. Then, at a chemical society meeting, a DuPont chemist read a paper on this new discovery. It fitted our needs like a glove. We placed an order, received the first commercial shipment of the stuff, and have been using it ever since.

Meanwhile, a good many other people have discovered its virtues, and adapted them to their own needs. All of us, after working with it, agree that it is the equal of natural rubber in practically every respect, and the superior of natural rubber in many respects. I think of only one quality of the synthetic rubber which falls below natural rubber, its odor. This is a good deal like rubber, but a little stronger, a little more acrid. Until this odor is eliminated or some method found for masking it, the synthetic rubber is unlikely ever to be used in connection with food or perfumery or any other products where its characteristic odor might be considered a contamination.

On the other side of the ledger, the greatest advantage of the synthetic product is its resistance to the commoner

oils, including ordinary petroleum products, linseed oil, and so forth. Natural rubber absorbs these oils, is thereby swollen and rotted; everybody knows what gasoline or fuel oil does to anything made of rubber. This is why the synthetic rubber fitted our needs for printer's rollers. The bulk of printers' inks are made on a linseed oil base, and thus a rubber roller caused some trouble. But the synthetic rubber rollers resist the oil, are almost impervious to it.

The result of this characteristic is that the synthetic rubber is used not only for printer's rollers but also for gasoline and oil hoses, for diaphragms in automobile oil pumps, for oil-retaining gaskets, for silent gears and drive belt exposed to oil. The stuff is expensive, approximately nine times as expensive as natural rubber today. Therefore, it is used sparingly. Our printer's rollers, for instance, are made of rubber, then covered with a sleeve of synthetic rubber. Gasoline hose is made of rubber with a synthetic lining. In all forms of compounding, the synthetic product is used sparingly with as much of less expensive ingredients as possible. This is one of its advantages, that it compounds with every ingredient just as does rubber, consequently permitting thousands of recipes for its use. It even mixes well with natural rubber, and for certain uses the addition of a small percentage of synthetic rubber to natural rubber results in qualities which natural rubber could not alone supply.

A great many products have been made experimentally from the synthetic material. For instance, working in cooperation with the DuPont people, we made several sets of tires which were then operated experimentally on automobiles. We had several sets around our place, and they stood up quite as well as natural rubber tires. Most of them were eventually cut up for inspection. But at last reports one set was still in use. And

they showed no more wear than their mileage entitled them to.

The synthetic is superior to natural rubber in other respects. You cannot overvulcanize it, whereas leaving the steam on natural rubber for five or ten minutes extra may ruin the product. It resists oxidation so much better than natural rubber that no figures are yet available, but my own estimate is that its resistance is at least one hundred times as great. It is not greatly harmed by ozone—nascent oxygen—whereas natural rubber can withstand this for a very brief period indeed. Direct sun and heat harm it far less than they harm natural rubber.

As a user of this product, I find it interesting to speculate where it will stand say ten years from now. At the present moment, despite the rapid increases in the manufacturer's productive capacity, it is impossible for any of us to get as much of it as we want and need. Its price is so high that it is used only for those purposes where its advantages are outstanding. As plant capacity increases and prices come down, there is bound to be an increased proportion of all rubber composed of this synthetic product, which has these unique properties.

Never again can our rubber consumers be gouged by foreign producers as once they were ten years ago, for this synthetic rubber stands forevermore between us and such extortion. Nor, in the event of war, or even of blockade which might cut the bridge of ships bringing natural rubber to our shores, need we be left so helpless as would be inevitable otherwise. With each new plant producing synthetic rubber, our national security increases and our dependence on resources outside our boundaries falls away. Which is, after all, a remarkably worthwhile achievement to the credit of American scientists, working with coal and limestone, common salt and water.

Holding the Home Together

(Continued from page 19)

it, and had separated each time. They couldn't live together and they couldn't stay apart. Questions from the social worker brought the information that they had always lived around in rooming houses, that they had never thought they had money enough to buy furniture. As they talked on about this, suddenly Mr. Thomas suggested that if any kind of furniture could be gathered together for them, they might make their next trial in a place of their own. Some second-hand furniture was given and an

opportunity made for Mr. Thomas to work for other household things.

The plan clicked from the start. They hadn't been speaking for months but now in picking out things for a home, there was need for considerable discussion. There were many trips to second-hand stores, a comparing of prices and values, even some discussion of color schemes and what they could add when the pay checks began again. It was a revelation to Mr. Thomas, the interest that a woman took in cooking things in her own kitchen and

setting her own table. And there was soon a change in him. At first he had wanted the home only because she wanted it, but now he appreciated what its comfort meant to him and, as he was taken on again at the plant, they continued to add things, to add home-like pieces to the bare necessities they had started with. As Mr. Thomas expressed it, "It is as if for the first time we were really married and starting our home."

I have said that family clinics are springing up all over the country. Wash-

ington, of course, is another city which is interested in this special family work. The story of Jim is really a "tale of two cities" and is a good illustration of how social workers in different parts of the country can get together and help out whatever is best for all members of the family.

The story starts in Juvenile Court in Cleveland, where a thirteen-year-old boy was brought in for stealing a bicycle. Tearfully the story was poured out to the social worker, how he was living there with his mother, who was cross to him and had quarreled so with his father that his father had finally gone off—Jim didn't know where. His mother had been particularly mean to him on his birthday and he hadn't had one single thing by way of celebration. His chum who lived next door had had a bicycle given him on his thirteenth birthday, so Jim had "borrowed" one so he could have just one ride—honest, he was going to take it back afterwards.

Jim's mother, visited at home, proved to be an untidy, hysterical woman, who berated Jim in front of the social worker, saying she hoped next time they would put him in the reformatory. It was with difficulty that the worker learned that Jim's father was in Washington, had a government position, and sent money regularly—money his wife obviously begrudged spending.

Following some correspondence, a case worker from the Family Service Association in Washington went to call on Mr. W., who told in detail how impossible his wife had been, that he couldn't keep a job with her around. He was sure that, while not violent, she was "mentally off," but he didn't know what to do about it. It would be wonderful if she would let Jim come and live with him.

A physical and mental examination showed Mrs. W. in dire need of prolonged treatment in a mental hospital if she is ever to recover. Jim was brought to Washington, where he and his father are boarding with a nice family. He has a bicycle, but better than that, he has a father who is good to him.

In smaller cities this constructive and preventive work for families is also being carried on, usually financed by private funds, in most cases supported by the local Community Fund. In Tuckahoe, New York, quite a remarkable piece of community service and co-operation has been worked out by the Eastchester Neighborhood Association and the Public Welfare Office, the latter under the Temporary Emergency Relief Administration of New York State. In this co-operative arrangement, the public agency has taken over all families receiving either direct or work relief, the Neighborhood Association continuing to give case work service to families economically independent, but harassed by serious family problems. In addition, the public agency refers to the Neighborhood Association for this intricate, skilled case work service such

of their relief families as are showing serious family break-down as a result of the depression. There are few communities where co-operation between the public and private agencies has been carried out to such a degree as in Eastchester Township.

A different type of co-operation is being worked out in Richmond, Virginia, where the Family Guidance Service has been set up as a child department of the Richmond Family Service Society and the Children's Memorial Clinic. The Memorial Clinic, a Child Guidance Clinic, was experiencing the need of reaching parents in order to make their treatment of children more effective. The Family Service Society was feeling the need for better psychiatric service for certain of its families. The two together find in this newly set up "Family Guidance Service" a way in which both can do more effective work.

Toledo, Ohio, in a new folder entitled, "An Ounce of Prevention," calls its new Family Consultation Bureau "A new attack on the causes of individual and family break-downs" and states that "The Social Service Federation of Toledo will accept applications for aid and counsel in cases presenting problems of Families, Adult Individuals, or Children."

Cincinnati, Ohio, in establishing a new Family Consultation Service under the Associated Charities there sets forth in an article by Dr. Julien E. Benjamin of their Board, the society's objects, which include the following:

"1. To extend its case work services to economically independent families, thereby rendering preventive service in family situations before they reach the point of social and financial disaster.

"2. To offer consultation service to persons who are concerned over their relations with other families and individuals who are in trouble. This consultation service is to be extended to lay groups and organizations concerned with individuals' and families' difficulties."

New York, Philadelphia, Chicago and Boston are all well known for their work in the family field. The New York Charity Organization Society in stating the set-up and purpose of its new "Institute of Family Service" gives an excellent idea of the new psychological approach in dealing with those in distress.

"Human problems," states this New York report, "are not all economic, either in character or origin. The unhappy husband, the deserted wife, the estranged couple, a child in trouble, the worried and mentally ill suffer from other difficulties quite as distressing as lack of money. . . .

"The professional case worker has a recognized technical service to offer to such persons. In meeting the difficult attitudes of defiance, confusion, or depression, she will not make issues, will not try to direct, advise, or lecture. . . . She will be concerned with the feelings and responses of the (Continued on page 60)

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Holding the Home Together

(Continued from page 59)

person she is trying to help, a person who perhaps for the first time has found someone he can talk to, who is not a new authority or another conscience.

"Such a person may find himself after a time, wishing to talk about the things he has been trying to keep out of his mind, to express feelings that he has been attempting to deny, feelings perhaps of shame and humiliation, disappointment, jealousy and failure. As he expresses himself thus in a series of inter-

views, he very apparently becomes less fearful.

"This change is often manifest in his ability to take a job, to meet people, to improve his appearance, to think better of himself, to express a belief in his family's love and respect for him."

Social workers almost invariably find that relieving an individual of inner discomfort results in increasing his self-respect and making possible more effective living. After all, the very heart of

this new way of settling family problems lies in one question and its answer:

Question: What do you want when you are worried about your personal or family problems?

Answer: Someone you can talk to freely and confidentially. Someone, not too intimately concerned, who won't scold or blame you. Someone who, by listening to your troubles and talking them over with you, will help you reach a decision of your own.

You and Everybody Else

(Continued from page 23)

Senate leaders have agreed to have a bill for immediate payment brought out of the Senate Finance Committee and on to the floor of the Senate by January 13th. On the House side, the Ways and Means Committee has pledged itself to report favorably and without any delay a Legion bill.

There is apparently only one serious danger to our hopes and plans. That is over-confidence. The need of working together still exists as much as ever. As Director Taylor said: "The best way to insure the success of such a bill is to build up the Legion throughout the country so that it will be stronger than ever before."

The national activities will go forward by plan, of course. At the Indianapolis conference of the Commanders and Adjutants of all the Departments, there was mighty enthusiasm. This was a meeting for the discussion of all Legion policies and programs, for the exchange of ideas and for the generation of the spirit of teamwork which comes when a big group of men all intent on common purposes talks things over.

Your own Department Commander and Adjutant are now starting this new year, ready to do everything they can to give your State its rightful place in 1936. In most States they have been holding conferences of all Post Commanders and Adjutants, so that we are now ready everywhere for a flying start into the new year.

The department leaders showed at Indianapolis that the Legion is sound and overflowing with energy. If your National Commander had been a football coach, he'd have been sure as he met and talked with the Executive Committeemen, the Commanders and Adjutants of all the Departments that he had a team of national championship caliber this year. This is the spirit which your own department officials have, as Father Time blows the whistle for the kickoff.

It is the spirit which ought to make the 1936 national convention in Cleveland a triumphal celebration. And incidentally, the National Executive Committee set September 21st to 24th as the dates for the convention. These days come at the time of fall when the weather should be bracing—neither too warm nor too cold, just the sort of perfect days we had in Detroit and Chicago. Cleveland is bound to be another vast convention, following appropriately on the heels of the great St. Louis Convention.

National Commander Ray Murphy has designated for the all-important job of directing the activities of the Legion's national standing committees a set of chairmen who may be counted upon to produce at Cleveland a memorable record of accomplishment. The National Executive Committee approved his nominations of chairmen, as follows:

National Finance, John Lewis Smith, Washington, D. C.; National Rehabilitation, Daniel J. Doherty, Woburn, Massachusetts; National Child Welfare, Roland B. Howell, Thibodaux, Louisiana; National Americanism, Stephen F. Chadwick, Seattle, Washington; National Legislative, Robert W. Colflesh, Des Moines, Iowa; National Defense, Edward J. Neary, Mineola, New York; World Peace and Foreign Relations, Reverend Father Robert J. White, Washington, D. C.

Education of War Orphans, General P. C. Harris, Washington, D. C.; Distinguished Guests, Jesse W. Barrett, St. Louis, Missouri; National Publicity, C. W. Motter, Lincoln, Nebraska; Trophies and Awards, Raymond B. Townsley, Danville, Indiana; National Contests, Arch M. Cantrall, Clarksburg, West Virginia.

Sons of The American Legion, Arthur Lamey, Havre, Montana; Veterans' Preference, Harry C. Jackson, New Britain, Connecticut; Marksmanship, Frank J. Schneller, Neenah, Wisconsin;

National Pilgrimage, Theodore Cogswell, Washington, D. C.; Graves Registration, Mancel Talcott, Waukegan, Illinois; Resolutions Assignment, Dr. W. T. Dunning, Gonzales, Texas; National Emblem, Ed. Carruth, Herington, Kansas; National Aeronautics, Dudley Steele, Los Angeles, California; Law and Order, George Howitt, Milwaukee, Wisconsin; National Convention Liaison, James P. Ringley, Chicago; National Employment, J. Byran Hobbs, Laurel, Maryland.

In fulfilment of the mandate of the St. Louis convention, the National Executive Committee approved the dissolution of the Legion Publishing Corporation and perfected the establishment, to replace it, of the Legion Publishing Commission.

Appointed as members of this new commission, to fill vacancies created by the expiration of the terms of five of the directors of the corporation, were Phil Conley, Charleston, West Virginia; J. R. Kinder, Lincoln, Nebraska; Lynn Stambaugh, Fargo, North Dakota; Van W. Stewart, Perryton, Texas, and Ben S. Fisher, Washington, D. C. The National Commander is automatically chairman of the commission; the National Judge Advocate is its Counsel; the National Treasurer is its treasurer, and the National Adjutant is its secretary. The commission will direct the publication of *The American Legion Monthly*.

With its action transforming the directing body of the monthly magazine from a corporation to a commission, the National Executive Committee also approved immediate distribution of *The National Legionnaire*, a monthly newspaper, to all members.

As National officers for the new year the National Executive Committee named the following: National Adjutant, Frank E. Samuel of Kansas; National Treasurer, John Ruddick of Indiana; National Judge Advocate, Ralph B.

Gregg of Indiana; National Historian, Thomas M. Owen, Jr., of Alabama.

Past National Commander James A. Drain, who had been drafted last year for the dual duty of National Judge Advocate and National Treasurer, appeared personally before the committee to announce his determination not to seek or accept reappointment. In an address full of feeling he said he had been persuaded to take the double appointment last year despite his own doubts as to the wisdom of combining the two posts in one individual. Any emergency which may have existed at that time calling for the double appointment has passed, Mr. Drain declared. He then paid a tribute to National Commander Murphy, "as a man, as a veteran and as a Legionnaire," voicing his belief that he "will be a great leader for the Legion in this next year." Mr. Drain was warmly applauded, and National Commander Murphy then said in part:

"I have known Mr. Drain in the Legion since 1920. I have never known anyone who was more straightforward, more sincere, more devoted to The American Legion. I feel that the Legion owes him a great debt."

Upon request of National Commander Murphy a rising vote of thanks and appreciation was extended to Mr. Drain amid general applause.

The National Executive Committee took important action on three questions of national interest after hearing reports of special committees appointed to investigate the Florida hurricane disaster of September, 1935, the charges of improper use of cash in connection with the adoption of a sound money resolution by the Chicago convention and the establishment of a new plan for the ownership and operation of Pershing Hall, The American Legion Memorial Building in Paris.

By adopting recommendations of the special committee, of which Past National Vice Commander Quimby Melton of Georgia was chairman, the National Executive Committee asked for a Congressional investigation to fix responsibility for the deaths of 228 veterans on the Florida keys. Other recommendations of the Executive Committee on this subject were:

"That any further rehabilitation program among veterans be directed by the Veterans Administration.

"That the facilities of the Weather Bureau be extended so that it can operate more efficiently in the future.

"That a regiment of Regular Army engineers be stationed at or near Miami in the hurricane season.

"That those parties whose relief work was outstanding be properly cited for their activities."

The Florida Department and Harvey W. Seeds Post of Miami were praised highly for the work conducted after the disaster on the keys.

Thomas W. McCaw, National Execu-

tive Committeeman for Ohio, was chairman of the committee which reported its investigations of the charges arising out of the passage of the sound money resolution. Its principal findings, approved by the National Executive Committee, were:

"There was no evidence of monies being offered to any member of the convention resolutions committee, and we are further convinced that there was never any effort made by anyone to influence unduly the members of this committee in behalf of the sound money resolution.

"That if any sums of money, large or small, were provided to solicit support for such a resolution, there were no expenditures toward the end desired.

"In short, the sound money resolution was handled in the usual normal convention manner."

J. Monroe Johnson, who retired after sixteen years of service as National Executive Committeeman for South Carolina upon becoming assistant Secretary of Commerce, presented the report of the committee appointed to obtain appropriate financial support for Pershing Hall in Paris.

He said that the Legion committee now has at its disposal \$482,000, representing the profits of *The Stars and Stripes*, official newspaper of the A. E. F., and assigned by action of Congress to free the memorial building in Paris from indebtedness and permit its continued operation on a sound basis. Upon recommendation of Mr. Johnson's committee, the National Executive Committee empowered the National Commander to appoint no more than five representatives to proceed to Paris to complete necessary negotiations and assist the United States Government in taking title to the memorial building. The creation of The American Legion Pershing Hall Commission subsequent to completion of such negotiations was also authorized, to have charge of the operation of the building.

Necessarily, I can only give you the high spots of our November meetings, but I want you to know that your department officials now have appropriate organization and membership ammunition for the great year ahead. Your National Commander has stressed in his speeches the fact that the operation of the Legion is continuing to be an open record to all of its members, and that any and all information relating to the administration of the Legion is available to any member through proper channels at any time.

In this spirit, I am certain that the Commander of your Department as he travels among you this year will do all that he can to make known to you the details of our program as it continues to unfold and expand.

With your help, and the help of everybody else, we go forward into a year which is bound to be eventful and historic.

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THE AMERICAN LEGION NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA

STATEMENT OF FINANCIAL CONDITION October 31, 1935

Assets

Cash on hand and on deposit	\$ 45,801.37
Notes and accounts receivable	15,474.49
Inventory of emblem merchandise	40,768.84
Invested funds	595,681.90
Permanent Investments:	
Legion Publishing Corporation	\$710,741.27
Overseas Graves Decoration Trust	184,393.46
Improved real estate, office building, Washington, D. C.	130,887.64
Furniture and Fixtures, less depreciation	31,576.33
Deferred charges	45,990.83
	\$1,801,316.13

Liabilities

Current liabilities	\$ 67,871.19
Funds restricted as to use	37,597.66
Permanent Trust: Overseas Graves Decoration Trust	184,393.46
Reserve for investment valuation	59,868.15
Net Worth:	
Restricted capital	\$ 595,680.90
Unrestricted capital:	
Capital surplus	\$255,031.65
Investment valuation surplus	\$600,873.12
	\$1,451,585.67
	\$1,801,316.13

FRANK E. SAMUEL, National Adjutant

Opportunity Plus

(Continued from page 33)

in the Detroit and Chicago national convention parades.

St. Louis Souvenirs

YOU are unusual if you don't collect something—books, stamps, coins, fossils or whatnot. Thousands of Legionnaires do it. And, just in case—here's a note from Charles E. Downs, chairman of the St. Louis convention registration committee, saying he'll sell a complete kit of the St. Louis convention badge, souvenir program, pass case and pass for fifty cents. He may be addressed at 224 North Broadway, St. Louis, Missouri.

"Happy New Year"

EVERTON W. LANEY of Philadelphia (Mississippi) Post, after fighting a battle against loneliness in the bedroom of his home two years, writes:

"It is doubtful if I will ever be up and about much more. I get so blue sometimes that it seems I can't stand it. I hope anyone who can spare a few moments will write me a letter or a card."

How many others, shut in from the outside world, long for letters that never come? Perhaps others more fortunate will want to send Mr. Laney a Christmas or New Year's card. His full address is 281 Beacon Street, Philadelphia, Mississippi.

Stars For Legion Sleeves

THE stars are beginning to appear—everywhere. They are gold stars on the sleeves of Legion blouses or shirts. A single one indicates that the wearer has been a member of the Legion for five

years without a lapse. A pair of them shows ten years' continuous membership, and three stars denotes continuous membership for fifteen years. National Headquarters, carrying out a plan approved by the St. Louis convention, has sent to all Departments supplies of the silk stars for distribution to members entitled to wear them. Proof based upon post records must be attested by post adjutants. Department Headquarters sell the stars at twenty-five each. Those who receive them are entitled to receive also, without added cost, new star-studded membership cards attesting the five, ten or fifteen-year period of continuous membership.

Roll Call

A. L. FREEDLANDER, author of "Rubber," is a member of Dayton (Ohio) Post . . . Karl W. Detzer belongs to Bowen-Holliday Post of Traverse City, Michigan . . . Thomas J. Malone is a member of Theodor Petersen Post of Minneapolis, Minnesota . . . Stillman F. Westbrook is a legionnaire of Robert E. Collins Post of Hartford, Connecticut . . . Rabbit Maranville belongs to Irondequoit Post of Rochester, New York . . . Frank E. Samuel, National Adjutant, is a member of Capitol Post of Topeka, Kansas . . . Boyd B. Stutler, belongs to John Brawley Post of Charleston, West Virginia.

Among the illustrators, Kenneth F. Camp belongs to Scarsdale (New York) Post . . . William Heaslip and V. E. Pyles are members of 107th Infantry Post of New York City . . . Herbert M. Stoops belongs to Jefferson Feigl Post of New York City. PHILIP VON BLON

We Won't Have to Fight, If—

(Continued from page 9)

is "freeze" or put a ceiling over prices. That is far from an accurate statement. I would freeze nothing and make the price ceiling a flexible one. Here, in brief, is just what I think should be done.

A modern war effort, with responsibilities and safeguards equally distributed, comprises these three things:

1. Raising and training of fighting manpower.

2. Equipment and supplying of the same with fighting materials and with transportation.

3. Protection of the civilian population against rising living costs due to inflation by holding down prices for materials and services in connection with Item 2. Do this and you will have made advance provision, when the fighting ceases, for the orderly readjustment of the indus-

trial and economic pattern to normal.

The three-way object of this program can be attained by simple and uncomplicated legislation.

Concerning the first point, there never has been any controversy. Expansion of the uniformed services to a war footing should be done by selective draft which the President, without further ado, should be able to put in operation upon a declaration of war by Congress.

It is concerning the industrial and economic phases that differences of opinion, and helpful differences, too, have arisen during our fourteen years of study, but these have been ironed out. Some confusion was occasioned at first by the popular slogan to "draft" labor and capital in addition to men. Such an attempt would meet the fate of all such

experiments so far attempted. Time of war and threatened national destruction, when the fate of the armies and the people, as at no other time, depends on the effective operation at high-speed pressure, of our industrial system, is not the moment to select to switch to a new and wholly experimental system never adopted at any time in the world's history in peace or war without an immediate result of collapse.

Money and the rates for its use can be controlled and limited to those uses approved of by the Government.

I am opposed to the drafting of labor because it is unnecessary, unconstitutional and might at one sweep destroy all our advance in the labor system in the last century. The Draft Act with the "Work or Fight" provision is compatible with our institutions and far more effective than any chain-gang or impressment that could be invented.

Another phrase much heard is "take the profit out of war." I, myself, have used that phrase so often that sometimes I think I invented it. Yet one must realize that it expresses an approximate rather than an actual goal. Profits can be kept down well below peace-time levels but they cannot be entirely abolished. Let no one mislead you on that score. To attempt to abolish all profit would mean another attempt to embark upon seas of economic experiment that have never been successfully navigated. Our whole industrial and economic machine is built and geared to run on investment and profit. There is no proof that it will run on psychology and much that it will not. Certainly, when the enemy is at our gates is not the hour to try to find out.

Yet profits can be kept down to a fraction of what they were in 1917 and 1918, the cost of living can be kept down and the aftermath of post-war deflation which we are still enduring can be obviated by legislation empowering the President upon a declaration of war to:

1. Put a ceiling over prices that will prevent a rise and protect the government and the civilian population whose needs must be second only to those of our fighting forces. As conditions change the President may adjust individual prices, or whole price groups, up or down. At all times downward fluctuations are permitted.

2. Place a tax that will take practically all the profits from war activities.

3. Raise all corporate and income taxes to the highest point possible but not so that they will stop the flow of munitions to our soldiers or the production of necessities for our home civilian population.

4. The power that the President now has to commandeer in time of war should be broadened to include the licensing, control and regulation of transportation, industry and finance.

I appreciate that these words will be read by a million Americans who know war from the combat side. If you men will pardon a personal word, I will say that I believe that I have had as good an opportunity to observe the economic side of war as any other American now living.

Based on this experience, it is my belief that legislation embodying the above would enable the country to pass from a peace to a war status with a minimum of confusion, waste and loss.

We could mobilize war supplies almost as quickly as we could mobilize men.

We would reduce the cost of war by at least fifty percent. We would pay, "as we go" as far as possible by holding down prices and increasing taxes.

Our country would preserve its credit and its economic prestige throughout the world. Its war effort would be conducted with less interference with the normal economic life of the civilian population than has been the experience of any modern nation.

It would conserve the national resources and preserve the morale of the people to such an extent that we would be able to outlive any antagonist in a long drawn struggle. Profiteering would be prevented, profits from civilian activities would be minimized and burdens would be equalized.

We would win the war.

Considering the obvious fact that the military aspirations of the United States will never disturb the peace of the world, the mere deliberate provision for defense along these lines will go far toward keeping the peace of the world, or localizing conflicts. This, I take it, is the aim of all of us.

As I see it, our duty is plain. We should think Peace, talk Peace and act Peace, but if war comes, we should be prepared to fight it, to win it, and to survive it.

Going to St. Louis?
New Stop at
Hotel Jefferson
800 ROOMS
\$3 to \$5
The Aristocrat of St. Louis

WE MATCH PANTS
To Any Suit!
Double the life of your coat and vest with correctly matched pants, 100,000 patterns. Every pair hand tailored to your measure. Our match sent FREE for your O. K. before pants are made. Fit guaranteed. Send piece of cloth or vest today.
SUPERIOR MATCH PANTS COMPANY
209 S. State St. Dept. 310 Chicago

New Adding Machine Fits Vest Pocket!
Adds, subtracts, and multiplies like \$300 machine—yet it costs only \$2.95. Weighs only 4 ounces. Not a toy—guaranteed workmanship. Perfectly accurate. Lightning fast. Sells on sight to business men, storekeepers, homes—all who use figures.
Write at once for Free Sample Offer and Money-Making Plan. 100% Profit!
C. M. Cleary, Dept. 63, 303 W. Monroe St., Chicago

AMAZING NEW INVENTION!
Wanted: Local County Managers
The new mechanical eye fire alarm. Sends out loud warning when fire starts. No batteries or wires. Big demand stores, factories, schools, hospitals, homes, country estates, stock farms, etc. Bears Reexamination Service Marker of Underwriters' Laboratories. Endorsed by fire chiefs. Write for this money making opportunity.
FIRE-CRY COMPANY, Dept. 30-D
1300 E. First Street, Dayton, Ohio

I WANT MEN
FORDS GIVEN
TEA AND COFFEE ROUTES
PAYING UP TO \$60.00 A WEEK
National company needs more men at once to make regular calls on local routes. No experience needed. Operate on our capital. I send everything: give you brand new Ford car as bonus. Rush name on postcard for FREE Facts... ALBERT MILLS
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MUS-TASH DARKNER
MEN—Transform that pale, weak looking mustache into a Dark, Clear-Cut Snappy one Instantly. Just apply once a day. Not a Dye. Money back if not satisfied. Black or Dark Brown—Specify Which. Six months supply \$1.00 Postpaid or C.O.D. \$1.00 Plus Postage.
DeLuxe Toiletries—4226 Lincoln Ave., Chicago

WORK FOR UNCLE SAM
START
\$1260 to \$2100 Year
Ex-Service Men get preference.
40 hour postal week should mean many appointments.
Mail Coupon today sure.
Name _____ Address _____
FRANKLIN INSTITUTE
Dept. E182, Rochester, N. Y.
Sir: Rush to me without charge (1) 32 page book with list of many U. S. Government Big Pay Jobs. (2) Tell me about Preference to Ex-Service Men.

Carioca Land in Wartime

(Continued from page 36)

AMER. R. R. TRANSP. CORPS A. E. F. VETS.—Gerald J. Murray, natl. adjt., 1210 Watson av., Scranton, Pa.

NATL. ASSOC. AMER. BALLOON CORPS VETS.—Craig S. Herbert, Personnel Offr., 3333 N. 18th st., Philadelphia, Pa.

23d ENGRS. ASSOC.—Bonny H. Benson, 518 N. Cuyler av., Oak Park, Ill.

EVAC. HOSP. NO. 6 VETS. ASSOC.—Russell I. Prentiss, South Lincoln, Mass.

Announcements of reunions and activities at other times and places follow:

3d Div.—Send name and address to George Dobbs, 9 Colby st., Belmont, Mass., for free copy of *The Watch on the Rhine*.

5TH Div.—Div. histories available. Order from Wm. Barton Bruce, 48 Ayrault st., Providence, R. I.

YANKEE (26TH) Div. VETS. ASSOC.—National convention, Worcester, Mass., June 26-28. Edwin J. Noyes, gen. secy., conv. comm., Bancroft Hotel, Worcester.

10TH AND 81ST DIVS.—Send name, address and outfit to Warren A. Fair, editor, Charlotte, N. C., for free copy of *The Message Center*.

RAINBOW (42d) Div. (Continued on page 64)

8 INCHES OFF WAISTLINE

"Director reduced waistline from 42 to 34 in. Feel 10 years younger. CONSTIPATION GONE - No tired, bloated feeling after meals."

G. Newton, Troy, N. Y.

WORKS AWAY FAT

Massage reduces—so does Director. Its elastic action, with every movement of your body, causes a gentle, changing, vibrating pressure that easily, comfortably works away abdominal fat.

RESTORES VIGOR

Director puts snap in your step, helps to relieve "short breath," restores vigor. You look and feel years younger as soon as you wear Director Belt.

Break Constipation

Habit Loose, fallen abdominal muscles go back where they belong. Massage-like action of Director increases elimination and regularity in a normal way without the use of harsh, irritating, harmful cathartics.

SENT ON TRIAL—Send TODAY for FREE details of NO-RISK TRIAL offer.

LANDON & WARNER, Dept. V-18
360 No. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

YES, send me FREE details on TRIAL offer.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

CHEAP OIL BURNER INVENTED

Cooks A Meal For Less

Slips Into Your Stove, Range or Furnace; Hotter and Cheaper Than Coal or Wood; No Dirt or Ashes; HALF THE COST

An amazing new type oil burner which experts and 25,000 users say beats any ever gotten out; burns cheap oil a new way, without pre-generating or clogging up; gives quick intense heat at HALF COST by turn of valve. One free to one person in each locality who will demonstrate and act as agent. Write quick, be first to learn how to end drudgery of coal and wood and make big money, spare or full time—mail in postcard today to United Factories, A-101 Factory Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.



GIVEN SEND NO SEND NAME AND ADDRESS

34-PC. CHERRY BLOSSOM GREEN OR PINK COLLORED GLASS DINNER SET. Or big cash commission—**YOURS** for Simply Giving Away **FREE** big colored pictures with well known **WHITE CLOVERINE** SALVE used for burns, chaps, sores, etc., easily sold to friends at 25c a box (with picture FREE) and remitting per catalog. **SPECIAL**—Choice of 40 other gifts for returning only \$3. Our 40th year. Be First. Write today for 12 boxes Salve. **Wilson Chem. Co., Inc., Dept. 100-W Tyrone, Pa.**

Be a McNess Man

No Time Like
Now to Get in—
Make up to \$75 a week

It's no trick to make up to \$12 a day when you use your car as a McNess "Store on Wheels." Farmers are buying everything they can from McNess men. Attractive business-getting prizes, also money-saving deals to customers make selling McNess daily necessities a snap. This business is depression-proof.

We Supply Capital—Start Now!

There's no better work anywhere—pays well, permanent, need no experience to start and we supply capital to help you get started quick. You start making money first day. Write at once for McNess Dealer Book—tells all—no obligation. (92-A)

FURST & THOMAS, 253 Adams St., Freeport, Ill.

**NEW
EASY WAY
NO DRUGS
NO DIET**

Carioca Land in Wartime

(Continued from page 63)

VETS.—Annual national convention-reunion, Kansas City, Mo., July 13-15. *The Rainbow Reville* is your paper; write for free copy, stating your outfit, to Harold B. Rodier, editor, 717 Sixth st., N. W., Washington, D. C.

OHIO RAINBOW DIV. VETS. ASSOC.—Annual reunion, Mayflower Hotel, Akron, Ohio, June 5-6. Dale F. Powers, 58 Kent rd., Tallmadge, Ohio. *The Ohio Rainbow Reville* sent free to all members. Write to Jack Henry, secy., Marysville, Ohio.

77TH DIV. ASSOC.—Membership entitles holder to privileges of clubhouse, 28 E. 39th st., New York City. Send name and address to Jack Simonson, care of clubhouse, for free copy of *The Liberty Light*.
308TH INF.—Reunion dinner, Roger Smith Restaurant, 40 East 41st st., New York City, Sat., Feb. 29. Address Treasurer, 28 E. 39th st., New York City. Also annual memorial mass on Washington's Birthday, Feb. 22.

9TH INF., Co. M.—For roster, report to Leo J. Bailey, Canastota, N. Y. Reunion, Syracuse, N. Y., Aug., with Legion Dept. convention.

109TH INF., Co. K.—For revised mailing list, send name and address to Marcus S. De Wolf, 128 S. Florida av., Atlantic City, N. J.

112TH INF., M. G. Co.—Letter reunion. Write to Harry L. Millward, 24 Commerce st., Highspire, Pa.
59TH PIONEER INF.—Members interested in reunion, report to John J. Dugan, P. O. Box 607, Wilmington, Del.

322d F. A. Assoc.—17th annual reunion, Hamilton, Ohio. To complete roster, report to L. B. Fritsch, secy., P. O. Box 324, Hamilton.

327TH F. A., BTRY. A.—Reunion and banquet, Abraham Lincoln Hotel, Springfield, Ill., Feb. 22. Carl A. Pfeffer, New Berlin, Ill.

130TH F. A., BTRY. B.—17th annual reunion, Lawrence, Kans., Feb. 22. W. H. Horr, 1000 Maine st., Lawrence.

VETS. OF 13TH ENGRS., RV.—7th reunion, Des Moines, Iowa, June 20-21. James A. Elliott, secy.-treas., 721 E. 21st st., Little Rock, Ark.

15TH ENGRS., Co. D.—Reunion, Fort Pitt Hotel, Pittsburgh, Pa., Apr. 25. R. L. Knight, 224 N. Aiken av., Pittsburgh (6).

62d ENGRS.—Vets. are requested to contribute pictures, stories, etc., to H. Work, 521 Riverside av., Covington, Va., for history.

109TH ENGRS.—For new roster, write L. Owen Tisdale, 1718 Park av., Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

302d ENGRS.—17th annual dinner, 77th Div. Clubhouse, 28 E. 39th st., New York City, Sat. Feb. 15. Bill Murch, chmn., care of clubhouse.

58TH AERO SQDRN.—Report of convention reunion in St. Louis will be sent to all men who report to Carl T. Felker, 730 Greeley av., Webster Groves, Mo. Proposed letter reunion.

213TH AERO SQDRN.—Annual reunion of sqdrn. veterans who survived *Tuscania* disaster, New York City, Feb. 5 or 7. Chas. G. Cargill, 3606 Avenue P, Brooklyn, N. Y.

267TH AERO SQDRN.—Annual reunion, Indianapolis, Ind., May 31. Lloyd Hessey, secy.-treas., 3557 Kenwood av., Indianapolis.

24TH BALLOON CO.—Proposed reunion. Harry C. Nipp, 522 W. McDonald st., Hartford City, Ind. MEN. SUP. DEP., COSENE AND TOURS, FRANCE—Proposed reunion. Harold L. (Jack) Jackson, Brewster, N. Y.

GEN. HOSP. No. 1, GUN HILL ROAD, N. Y.—Wartime personnel now living in N. Y.-New England area, send name and address to Dr. Ben Luntz, 197 Asylum st., Hartford, Conn.

U. S. S. San Diego—Marines who served on ship at time she was sunk, interested in letter reunion, write to L. A. Wallinger, 40 St. Paul st., Rochester, N. Y.

325TH SUP. Co., Q. M. C.—Vets. interested in forming organization, send names and addresses to Selwyn Smith, adjt., Jack Kimball Post, A. L., Cass Lake, Minn.

HEREAFTER, notices for the purpose of assisting disabled veterans in locating comrades whose aid is required in support of claims will appear in *The National Legionnaire* instead of in these columns. All requests for the publication of such notices and all responses to them should be directed to the National Rehabilitation Committee, The American Legion, 1608 K Street, N. W., Washington, D. C. The committee requests that information in the following cases be submitted:

CAMP ZACHARY TAYLOR, Ky.—Driver of wagon and driver of truck who recall collision between truck and motorcycle Oct. 9, 1919, also motorcycle driver on special duty with Provost Sgt. A. H. BERGMAN after accident in which Sgt. BERGMAN was thrown out of side car onto road.

137TH INF., Co. A, and BASE HOSP. No. 24, LIMOGES, FRANCE.—Comrades, medical officers and others who recall Gale BRAY, Co. A, 137th Inf., suffering from ruptured appendix in Nov., 1918.

23d INF., Co. C, and ORDN. DET.—Comrades who recall Dick CLARK, to assist with claim.
Q. M. C., WAYNESVILLE, N. C.—Lt. George G. HARRON, acting in charge of motor transportation at Waynesville, and other comrades in Med. Det., Camp Greenleaf, Ga., Gen. Hosp., Waynesville, N. C. and Base Hosp., Camp Wadsworth, S. C., to assist Arthur L. COBB.

76TH F. A., BTRY. D.—Comrades who recall Fletcher J. HARRIS, Pvt. 1cl., being gassed in Aisne-Marne Offensive, July-Aug., 1918; St. Mihiel Offensive, Sept., 1918, and Meuse-Argonne Offensive, Sept.-Nov., 1918. HARRIS died in 1922 in Alabama.

UTILITIES DET., Q. M. C., CAMP MERRITT, N. J.—Capt. John J. ENGLISH, in charge of diphtheria ward, and comrades and patients who recall Kenneth HONCE being in hospital for thirty-three days during Mar. and Apr., 1919, with diphtheria.

CAMP HOSP., WARD 35, WINCHESTER, ENG., and CAMP CODPARD, WILTS, ENG.—Comrades, particularly Lt. David S. BRACHMAN of Camp Hosp. Ward 35, who treated James R. JOHNSON for mumps; also men who recall JOHNSON injuring back while lifting garbage barrels at Camp Codpard, Sept.-Nov., 1918.

U. S. S. Quail—E. M. (Red) HELLMAN and other shipmates who knew Walter E. JOHNSON (now deceased) to assist widow.

BAHN, Louis Z., mess sgt., and Grover C. COLYER, cook, on transport, who recall Francis W. MARTIN, cook on shift No. 1 under Bahn. Reports they remained on transport in Nov., 1918, for 36 hours, then to Camp Merritt, N. J., until Thanksgiving, and sent to Camp Dodge, Iowa, and discharged on Dec. 7, 1918.

Co. B, 338TH BN., T. C., CAMP DIX—1st Lt. Harry LANDESMAN to assist Clarence E. McMILLAN.

151st INF., Hq. Co.—Comrades of Fred SLOAN (of Miss.) who is suffering with arthritis, nervous condition and foot trouble.

58TH INF., Co. D—Capt. Rutherford H. SPESARD and Paul ENGEL, Pvt. 1cl Anthony A. RYCHICK and others who remember William WIEMANN, Sgt., Co. F, during attack in Meuse-Argonne sector.

326TH INF., Co. C, 82d Div.—Comrades of George H. DEFEW who recall his disability and treatment in Base Hosp. No. 24, Le Mans, France.

JOHN J. NOLL
The Company Clerk

THE SALUTING DEMON
OF THE A.E.F. HAS RUN
CLEAR AROUND THE BLOCK
IN ORDER TO SALUTE
THE GENERAL A SECOND
TIME - NOW HE'S GAINED
ATTENTION, BUT IS TOO
WINDED TO TALK

Answer me - You haven't
a twin have you? There
can't possibly be two like
you in the entire army?!!
and certainly not one of
you on every street
corner in Paris!!??





THE NEW FORD V-8 FOR 1936

Safety comes first in the Ford V-8. For a safe car helps to make a safe driver. And the Ford Motor Company has an obligation to the public to make a safe car. . . . Cost doesn't enter into that. It is a matter of finding what is right and best and making it available to the people. . . . The Ford was the first low-price car to give you the extra protection of a steel body. It was also the first low-price car to provide Safety Glass throughout (in the windows as well as the windshield) at no extra cost. . . . Any time something new and better is found it is built into the car. But it has to prove itself first. . . . The Ford Motor Company does not experiment with safety. The Super-Safety Brakes reflect that policy. They are of the long-tested, sure-acting mechanical design and they stop the car quickly and with certainty under all driving conditions. Big and powerful, with an unusually large braking area, yet easy to apply. . . . You are sure of good brakes and all-round safety when you buy the New Ford V-8 for 1936.



Chesterfields . . .
*a corking good cigarette . . .
they've been hitting the trail
with me for a long time*

They are milder . . . not flat
or insipid but with a pleas-
ing flavor

They have plenty of taste
. . . . not strong but just right

*An outstanding cigarette
. . . no doubt about it*

